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RUBAIYAT-I-SARMAD

FAZL MAHMUD ASIRI

RUBAIYAT-I-SARMAD

Edited and Translated

BY

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FOREWORD

(Translation from Persian)

The few days (from the 8th to the 14th of Azar, 1328) that I have been here in Santiniketan in connection with the World Pacifist Conference, would be the most memorable period of my life. On whatever side I take my step here in this hospitable sun and the kindly winter I find the inspiring tangible monuments of Rabindranath Tagore, the great poet of India and the founder of the Visva-Bharati University. Every thing here suggests the grandeur of its founder, and I believe he would always be counted as one of the immortals of his land. His Santiniketan and the Visva-Bharati will ever flourish in the world of learning and among the lovers of Science.

One of the great things of this visit is the meeting and acquaintance with Mr. Fazl Mahmud, Professor of Urdu in this University, and the compiler of this book "Rubaiyat-i-Sarmad." It is really a matter of great wonder, pleasure, and satisfaction, to see some one so much interested in Persian and with so deep a knowledge of the language and literature of Iran—especially at so distant a place as the fertile valley of Bengal. During these few days that I have been in the company of Mr. Mahmud, I have felt almost amazed at his mastery over the languages of various lands, particularly of our own. On learning from him about the work he had done on Rubaiyat of Sarmad and which he had made ready for press, I felt a great desire to go through it. I took over the manuscript (comprising of three daftars) from him and ran through it with great scrutiny in course of a day and a night.

Now, as I have gone through these pages I will ever look forward to the time when the book is actually published and presented to the seekers of these jewels of literature. Indeed, the services rendered by the Indians to the Persian literature is far more than they could be recounted in a page or two ; it would require a regular book of great volume to do full justice to them.

It needs my saying but very little of the compiler's love for and interest in Persian language and literature ; every word and every line of this book speaks itself of it. I express deep gratitude on behalf of all the scholars of Iran who love their country so much, for the invaluable contribution Mr. Mahmud has made. I wish him success and due reward from God, and I hope this fountain of *Good* would continue to benefit (the people) and the compiler would not abandon his efforts towards the revival of the literature of Iran.

Santiniketan.

1328

SA'ID NAFICY

Professor of Iranian Lit.

University of Tehran.

PREFACE

Mysticism is a subject on which anything can be written with some technical formalities. It is the result of an attempt on the part of man to explore the infinite world of metaphysics. Man approaches in that direction from different angles and so the impressions also are different and varied. It is only with a great amount of sympathy or better with a "mystic heart" that we can understand their real import. Just as Goethe has said :

Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters lande gehen.

To understand a mystic, one has to become a mystic himself. This is just the reason for which I was reluctant to take up mysticism as the subject of my study. But it was impossible to avoid it altogether as Sufism constitutes one of the noblest contributions to human thought.

At the suggestion of Prof. K. M. Sen, the former Head of our Research Department, a benign old man and himself a student of mysticism, I decided to take up "Sarmad", a Sufi poet of Kashan, as the subject of my study. It has been an extremely uphill task for dearth of materials. I had to work practically single-handed all the time, hunting up various sources for the fragments of Sarmad's composition. I have ultimately succeeded in bringing together the available materials and presenting this volume to the students of Persian poetry. A part of the introduction and the English translation of some of the rubais appeared in the Visva-Bharati Quarterly 1947 and 1948. This aroused a great interest in the work in various quarters.

The work would not have seen the light of the day without encouragement from various friends. My thanks are due first of all to my friends Sri Pankaj C. Banerjee and Sri P. Mondol of Santiniketan and Hidayat Ullah Sahar of Nawan Qila. I have also to thank Prof. Sudhir Chandra Roy of the History Department for helping in the verification of a number of historical facts,

and Dr. J. C. Tavadia of the Hamburg University, at present Professor of Zoroastrian Studies at Santiniketan and Prof. M. Z. Siddiqi of the Calcutta University for kindly looking through the translation. I am also grateful to Dr. Sa'id Naficy of the Teheran University for kindly consenting to write a foreword to the book. He read the Persian quatrains and made valuable suggestions.

Besides, I am specially grateful to Dr. P. C. Bagchi, the present Head of our Research Department, for taking interest in the publication of the book. Thanks are due also to the Director of the Translation and Publication Department of Osmania University (Hyderabad) for facilities in the printing of the Persian text in the University Press.

Santiniketan

FAZL MAHMUD ASIRI

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INTRODUCTION

O SARMADE, expect not love from the people of this world :
A tree without foliage is no shelter against the sun.
Honour lies with contentment and disgrace with greed :
Live with honour and seek not to live in disgrace.

—Sarmad.

Sarmad an eminent sufi poet of Kashan (Persia), who met with ghastly end at Delhi in A. H. 1070/ A. D. 1660 for his heretical views in regard to religion, was a man of great parts, distinguished for his proficiency in literature, philosophy and science. Like all other great poets of mystical predilections and advanced in spiritualism he was a free thinker and his expressions sometimes contradicted the formal rules of shariat. It is due to his free expressions (which were taken as blasphemous) that he was apprehended by the authorities of the state as a danger to the faith and sentenced to death after a summary trial by the court presided over by Mulla Qavi, his great opponent, and executed outside the main gate of Juma' Masjid (the cathedral mosque of Delhi built by Shah Jahan) where his tomb stands up to this day.

According to some writers, the reason for this unfortunate treatment of the emperor towards Sarmad was only the latter's attachment to Dara Shikuh, and his open support for Dara's succession to the throne of Delhi.¹ This may be true indeed ; a ruler of Aurangzeb's vigilance and caution would hardly have left unpunished any of the associates of his arch-enemy, who might intrigue against his authority in future. He must have perceived the danger which lay in allowing Sarmad to go about freely and exercise his influence over the general public and he therefore arranged for his removal. Otherwise how many babblers there were who were seen wandering about the streets of the

1. Manucci, a Portuguese traveller in India during Shah Jahan's reign states that Sarmad's relations with the crown-prince Dara were the main cause of Sarmad's execution. Vide, Manucci's *Storia do Mogor* : v. 1, p. 228.

imperial capital and other big towns of the Mughal Empire, and their utterances were not quite in consonance with the true principles of Islam !²

However, Aurangzeb by this action, good or bad, did a great service, unwittingly though, to the cause of mystics and mystic poetry ; for the account of Sarmad's execution with exaggerated tales of his great forbearance and fortitude had their psychological effect. His verses, particularly his quatrains, were thereafter treated as the sacred relics of a great martyr and hence every care was taken to record and preserve them. There is every reason to believe that Sarmad's name like those of many of his contemporaries, both poets and mystics would have been left in oblivion, had Aurangzeb been a little more scrupulous in exercising his authority and a bit more tolerant towards those who differed from him in religious or political matters.

As in the case of many other great personalities of the past who distinguished themselves in various spheres among their contemporaries, account of Sarmad's life available from different *tadhkiras* is by no means satisfactory. The historians of the time of Aurangzeb, like Mirza Kazim who recorded the events of early ten years of Aurangzeb's reign, are silent over the death of Sarmad, although that had been a very well known event. Evidently the Mirza did not possess the courage to face the king's wrath. Anyway, from the references about Sarmad given in *Mira'tul Khayal* of Sher Khan Lodhi, *Majmá ul Afkar*, *Dabistán-i-Madháhab* of Mobid Shah, *Ma'áthir ul Umará*, and *Riadush Shu'arâ* of Walih Daghistani, we can patch up an account which can serve our purpose to some extent.

Muhammad Sa'id commonly known by his nom de plume 'Sarmad's was born at Kashan, an important business centre in Persia, in the time of Shah Abbas the Great (d. 1618 A. D.) in a well-to-do family of Armenian Jews. According to the custom prevalent amongst the Jews, Sarmad began his education with the study of Jewish theology and completed the course in a

2. See Bernier's Travels : p. 817. Ma'áthir ul umara' I, p. 227

3. Kalimatush Shuara p. 60. Muhammad Sa'id is his muslim name only. His Jewish name has not been given anywhere. Ma'áthir ul Umara calls him as Sa'ida-i-Sarmad.

comparatively shorter time. He is said to have committed Torah, the Jewish scripture, to his memory and qualified himself for a Rabi (priest). In order to widen his views about religion he took up the study of the New Testament and other books on Christianity which he is said to have completed with the same zest and earnestness as before. Still he felt that his present attainments were not sufficient to satisfy his innate urge for wider knowledge, and he applied himself heart and soul to learning Islamic theology and sciences. In fact, he was gifted with marvellous capacity to grasp and assimilate the contents of any religious book. It did not take him long to acquire sufficient knowledge about Islam. In the Arabic and Persian languages, he had almost attained to perfection, and had very few among his contemporaries as his equal. He was fortunate enough to find two renowned scholars as his teachers, viz. Mulla Sadra and Abul Qasim Findarski.⁴ It is believed that at the instance of his teachers Sarmad revoked his ancestral faith and embraced Islam. Judged from his free expressions almost bordering upon blasphemy and his attachment to Mulla Sadra and Findarski, whose luke-warm orthodoxy and inclination towards ancient Indian faith had actually led him to great difficulties, Sarmad's conversion to Islam is regarded by some as merely a hoax. This however is a false charge which Sarmad has refuted in his own writings. For instance he says :

Sarmad thou hast won a great name

As thou hast turned away from infidelity to Islam.

4. Dabistan-i-Madhhahab : p. 194.

Mulla Sadruddin of Shiraz commonly known as Mulla Sadra was a great philosopher and free thinker. After his father's death he migrated to Isfahan and studied with Mir Damad and Skeikh Baha'i. He subsequently retired to a village near Qum where he lived a secluded and austere life, engaged in meditation. He is said to have died during one of his pilgrimages to Mecca which he performed on foot (A. D. 1640). (For details vide, Hist. of Persian Lit. by Prof. Browne : iv.)

Abul Qasim Findarski (d. 1050/1640) was noted for his poetry and philosophy. He was very careless about appearance, dressing like a dervish, avoiding the society of the rich and the noble. He journeyed to India and there imbibed Zoroastrian and Buddhistic ideas which led him to declare against pilgrimage to Mecca. (Browne, Hist. of Persian Lit. iv.)

5. See Rubaiyat-i-Sarmad radif 'Y' :

Sarmad bajahan base niko nam shudi

Az madhhah-i kufr chun su'e islām shudi.

Besides this, his quatrains written in praise of the Prophet Muhammad and quoted by Mulla Mobid in his 'Dabistan' bear witness to the fact that he changed his faith at his early age at least before his arrival in India.⁶

As for the account of Sarmad's life prior to his arrival in India we have practically no authentic report at our disposal. Presumably after the completion of his education and conversion to Islam, Sarmad entered into trade, his ancestral vocation, and carried it on for some time until he was prompted by greater gains somewhere overseas. India and Persia (Iran) being closely linked up economically and culturally, the traders of both the countries moved freely from one to the other. Sarmad too chose India for the disposal of his wares.

The compiler of Majma'ul Afkar records, on the authority of Mu'tamad Khan, the author of the well-known Iqbal Namah Jahangiri, who had met Sarmad in Lahore in A. H. 1044, that Sarmad arrived in India in the year 1042 (1631), settled down at Tattha, the then capital and port of Sindh. As the account of Mu'tamad Khan gives some interesting details about Sarmad's life at Tattha, it will not be quite out of place to quote the entire passage here for the benefit of our story.

"Sarmad the son of a Jew after staying for some time with Sheikh Bahaud Din Muhammad and Muhammad Baqir⁷ came by sea to Tattha in A. H. 1042. Here he fell in love with a boy named Abhay Chand⁸ who first showed no inclination toward him. Fearing scandal the boy's father reported the matter to

6. Dabistan : p. 195. The following rubai suggests Sarmad's belief in the Prophethood of Muhammad—he being the last of the Prophets :

From thy face the heart of the red rose comes to bloom,
Its inside is all blood, and outward red rose ;
Thou hast come after Yusuf. just because in the garden,
First blooms the yellow flower and then the red rose.

7. The author seems to have confused Mulla Sadra and Findarski with the other two great scholars of the time, who were also their teachers (For the life account of the latter two scholars see Browne : Hist. of Persian Lit. Vol. iv.)

8. According to Tadhkira Nasirabadi (see Ma'arif May, 1946) Abay Chand was the son of raja or landlord of Sindh who became much influenced by the mystical views of Sarmad and became his devoted disciple.

Muhammad Beg the Bakhshi and chronicler of Tattha, and concealed the boy in an unknown place. The separation from the boy brought distraction and madness to Sarmad so that he threw away the clothes and became naked. At this time he received the following verse from Muhammad Beg :

Had I the vast treasures of heaven in hand,
In place of dirhams I would have given stars to the poor.

"In reply to this Sarmad sent the following quatrain to Muhammad Beg :

O breeze convey this message to Mirza Bakhshi
Who wields his power over higher heavens :
Since thou couldst grant stars in place of dirhams
Be kind enough to grant me my 'sun'.

"As the love of Sarmad was pure and chaste it produced miraculous effect on the boy who cut off his connection with the parents and joined Sarmad. After sometime both of them came to Lahore and when the emperor returned to that place from Kashmir⁹ I (Mu'tamad Khan) traced the whereabouts of Sarmad in a garden and went to visit him there. I found him naked, covered with thick crisped hair all over the body and long nails in his fingers. He spoke too much and uttered verses. He spoke correct Persian and was a poet."⁹

From the account of Sarmad's contemporary we come to know of three important things which we are not quite safe to contradict viz. the year of Sarmad's arrival in India, his platonic love for the young boy resulting in his renunciation of the world, and his visit to Lahore in A. H. 1044 when Shah Jahan returned to that place from Kashmir.¹⁰

Dabistan our second source of reliance, though does not give date of Sarmad's arrival, corroborates his love for the boy,

9. Shah Jahan returned from Kashmir in Jamadius Sani, 1044. A. H. (See Badshah Namah).

10. Majma'ul Afkar the only Ms. copy of which is preserved in the Bankipore-Public Library is a work of rare value. It contains letters, famous historical records, etc., of the kings and princes and others and writings of poets and essayists (Ms. 8 fol. 196b—Vide cat. Persian IX p. 87).

his giving away of his entire wealth to the poor and renouncing the world. Sarmad's nudity and moving about the crowded streets in *partibus naturalibus* might have caused a great resentment among the cultured society of the provincial capital, as he professed Islam and as among the Muslims few behaved in this manner ; but it seems he cared little for that, for we find him naked all through his life.¹¹

En passant we need here clarify the important point concerning this unusual love affair which is likely to create some misunderstanding in the modern mind and tarnish the fair name of our great sufi. The idea of loving a youth appears to be repugnant to the moralists of the modern age. This is probably due to its later developments and practices in various parts of the world, transgressing the ethical limitations. But with the sufis of the medieval times, beauty in any form was just a manifestation of the Lord—the Creator of all things. They believed that the beauty of the youth, as that of any other thing, was a symbol for the attributes of the Creator and they considered the worship of it as the only way to reach Him. And there actually comes a stage when the sufi finds no distinction between the creator and the object of his love.¹²

Whatever may be the explanation of this love¹³ we find no moral flaw, as far as the records available go, and as far as the extremely distracted condition of the sufi suggests, in the behaviour of Sarmad. His relation with or attachment to Abhay Chand was that of yogi to his devoted disciple or father to a son. Abhay Chand lived with Sarmad all through his life, dying only out of grief after the execution of the latter (J. A. S. B. XX-P. 112)

Sarmad taught Abhay Chand the then prevalent sciences and literature and the latter is believed to have made good progress in them. He taught his disciple the Pentateuch and the

11. Mu'tamad Khan, Muhammad Sharif entitled Mu'tamad Khan held an important post in the courts of Jahangir and Shah Jahan. He compiled his famous history book, the Iqbal Namah Jahangiri in A. D. 1619.

12. Sarmad has said :

In this world's old monastery, I do not know,
 • Whether my Lord is Abhay Chand or some one else.

13. For full details see, *Punjabi Sufi Poetry* by Lajwanti Rama Krishna :
 p. 20.

Psalms. The Persian translation of the opening chapter of the Genesis now incorporated in the Dabistan was made by Abhay Chand.¹⁴ Abhay Chand had also developed talents for writing poetry, but unfortunately we do not have anything of it, except the following verse given in Dabistan :

Ham mati'a furqanam ham qashishi ruhbānam
Rabbiyi yuhudanam kafram musalmanam.¹⁵

The couplet suggests cosmopolitan nature of Abhay Chand's faith, as to him one religion was as good as the other. This is the true reflection of the spirit of his guru which Abhay Chand might have imbibed in the course of his long stay with him.

Sarmad could stay but for a little time at Tattha.¹⁶ His distracted state in the love of the Lord did not allow him to rest for a while at a place where worldliness flowed thick and deep. He and his disciple left the town in favour of long wanderings through the length and the breadth of the country. He travelled about until he reached Lahore where Mu'tamad Khan met him in a garden in 1044/1634 when long crisped hair had grown over his body and long nails in his fingers. How long did he stay at Lahore, we do not know. But from the account of Mu'tamad Khan it is quite evident that he was fairly popular there and his assembly was attended by men of all sorts. Even the courtiers of high positions felt attracted towards him.

Again we find Sarmad after nearly thirteen years at Hyderabad (1057A H/1646). On his way to Hyderabad from Lahore whether he stayed at Delhi or Agra, the imperial capital which being the centre of cultural and political activities was attracting visitors from all over the country, is very much doubtful. If at all he came to Delhi or Agra, he did not attract the notice of the crown-prince Dara who being much devoted to mysticism was always on the look out to meet such saints of high order ; otherwise Dara would have mentioned Sarmad's name in his Sakinatul

14. Dabistan : p. 195

15. I am at once a follower of the Quran, a priest
A monk, a Jewish rabbi, an infidel and a Muslim.

16. The author of Dabistan is stated to have met Sarmad in Sindh (probably at Tattha) in 1048 A. H. Vide Manucci IV. 427.

Awlia, a biography of saints, which he completed in 1049 A. H. This shows that the friendship that existed between Dara and Sarmad was only a later development when the latter had returned to Delhi from Hyderabad.

At Hyderabad Sarmad was respected by king Abdullah Qutub Shah (d. A. H. 1083) and his Chief Minister Shaikh Muhammad Khan. The Shaikh had a special regard for him, the feeling which was duly reciprocated by Sarmad. Sarmad wrote the following rubai euologising Shaikh Muhammad :

O Shaikh, thou encompasseth the heavenly orbit
like a circle—
May hundreds of heavens wait upon thee as slaves.
Turn this poor man's night into bright day,
As thou enjoyeth the sun-shine favours of King Kutub
Shah.¹⁷

Besides the king and his chief minister, the people of all other ranks visited Sarmad and were benefited by his mystical exhortations, and his blessings. In the year 1059 A. H. Mobid Shah, the author of Dabistan our oft quoted source and a book of rare value dealing with the different religions and creeds of India (known to the author), was present in the assembly, in which Sarmad blessed Mir Jumla with a high position. The prophecy of the saint was fulfilled word for word. Mir Jumla soon after that joined the Mughal army and became a high officer there and later on was appointed as the governor of Bengal.¹⁷ In the same year, Sarmad warned the chief minister of the latter's approaching death, the prophecy which also turned out to be true. The chief minister, Shaikh Muhammad, of a mystical bent of mind as he was, took the words of the saint as infallible and determined therefore to meet the death in a befitting manner. He started on his pilgrimage to Mecca, but on the way just near the Arabian coast there arose a dreadful storm and the ship sank along with Shaikh Muhammad Khan and all other pilgrims.¹⁸

17. Dabistan : p. 195.

18. The diwan of poems of Abdullah Qutub Shah is preserved in the British Museum. See for his life "History of the poets of Southern India" by M. Munawar. p. 192.

At Hyderabad Sarmad's main occupation was to recite extempore his Persian quatrains which the poets and the mystics of the town heard with great interest. The quatrains as a matter of fact are the chief vehicle of the sufistic expression, and each and every sufi or every one with sufistic bent of mind has tried his hand in it ; but there have been very few good quatrain writers. Sarmad in fact is one of those few who excelled in it for originality of thought and expression. His actual state coupled with the beauty of his expression gave a great significance to his quatrains and his name came to be known all over the country, transcending even the boundaries of the dominions of king Qutub Shah.

SARMAD AT DELHI

The exact date of Sarmad's arrival in Delhi is not recorded anywhere. In any case he had come before the Emperor Shah Jahan fell ill and left for Agra to recover or to die in the sight of his beloved wife's tomb,—the famous Taj Mahal.¹⁹ Sarmad's fame as a poet and the stories of his miraculous feats had already preceded him to the imperial capital. One could imagine how the people so anxious to see Sarmad, might have flocked round him on his arrival there. The great number of course might have been attracted by his peculiar looks and strange behaviour. Bernier, the French physician, who was present at the time and had seen Sarmad several times moving about stark naked writes ; "I was for a very long time disgusted with the celebrated Fakir, named Sarmad, who paraded the streets of Delhi as naked as when he came into the world. He despised equally the promises and the threats of Aurangzeb .."²⁰ Manucci referred to above also writes about Sarmad's going about naked except when he appeared before the

19. Shah Jahan fell ill in the year 1068/1657 and he left for Agra only a little later. He recovered from his illness but by that time many things of far reaching consequences had taken place. He found himself deposed and virtually a prisoner in the Agra Fort.

20. Travels ; 817.

prince Dara Shikuh when he contented himself with a piece of cloth hiding his private parts.²¹

Indeed, his verses and his distracted condition had impressed the people to a great deal. But the one who felt more impressed by the saint was, Prince Dara Shikuh²² whose court Sarmad very gladly attended and with whom he became very intimate. The prince had really a great regard for Sarmad, and always addressed him as his *pir* or preceptor. This unhappy friendship between Dara and Sarmad which ultimately took away the lives of both of them, was only due to the reason of their liberal religious outlook. One might say (as stated elsewhere) that both of them cared much for their mystic view even though it ran counter to the orthodox belief.²³ The prince wanted to present the saint to the Emperor Shah Jahan who himself was no less attached to the mystics and sufis. The emperor, in order to verify the miraculous powers of the saint (Sarmad) as reported by the prince, sent 'Inayat Khan, an influential figure of his court to meet Sarmad. But 'Inayat Khan, not being impressed by the outward appearance of the sufi and regarding the stories about his miracles merely fantastic imagination of the mystic-lovers, submitted to Shah Jahan only the following couplet :

It's wrong to ascribe any miracles to Sarmad,
The revelation is only the revelation of
his private parts !

21. Storia do Mogor : I, 228. .

22. The life account of Dara Shikuh the crown-prince, and the eldest son of Shah Jahan, reads like a story of pathos and misery. His love for mystics and search for blessings from them was just to evade the real issues which he was not strong enough to face. His universality in the matter of faith has been appreciated by many writers, as he contributed much towards bringing cordial relations among different sections of his subjects. But according to some it was just a political stunt. It does not befit a sufi to hanker after a state, and also urge the other mystics to pray for his success. He was taken prisoner by Aurangzeb and beheaded in 1069 A. H. (1658 A. D.)

23. Sher Khan Lodhi the author of Mir'atul Khayal writes : "As Sultan Dara Shikuh had a liking for the lunatics, he invited Sarmad to his court and enjoyed his discourses for a considerable time." According to Manucci 'Dara had no religion. He had a great delight in talking with a Hebrew atheist Sarmad...'

But the emperor understanding the report partial and prejudiced said :

Just a piece of rough cloth could silence the scandalous
tongue.²⁴

Whether the saint actually appeared before the king or not, we are not quite sure of it, but this is evident that the scandalous tongues could not do any harm to the naked saint because of the fear of the crown-prince. The friendship persisted in spite of the disapproval of the orthodox people of the court and outside. Visits were exchanged and also letters between them ; and the discussions in both centred on mysticism. It is pity that just one letter of Dara Shikuh to Sarmad, and the latter's reply to it have been preserved for us. Dara addresses Sarmad in this letter as his preceptor and guide (Pir-o murshid) and the latter to the former as 'Aziz-i-man' (dear friend).

Dara Shikuh wrote Sarmad :

My preceptor and guide.....

Every day I resolve to pay my respects to you. But it remains unaccomplished. If I be I—wherefore is my intension of no account ? If I be not, where is my fault (i. e. who is responsible for it) ? If the murder of Imam Husain was the Will of God, who is Yazid between them ? If it is not the Divine Will, what is the meaning of : 'God does whatever He wills, commands whatever He intends'. The most excellent prophet used to go to fight against the infidels, defeat was inflicted on the army of Islam. (Why ?) The exoteric scholars say it was an education ; for the perfect what education was necessary ?

To this Sarmad replied :

My dear friend.....

Whatever we read, we have now forgotten,

Save the discourse of the Beloved which we reiterate.²⁵

From the letter above we can know the trend of the discussions held between the two great sufis. The problems seem to be of

24. J. A. S. B. (N. S.) XX, 112. Ma'arif, 1946.

25. *Ibid.*

an intricate nature which the orthodox believers would only answer with a serene silence, for anything as a reply to them may be misunderstood and take them outside the pale of shariah. But it was different with the real mystics who approached the Truth by a different path.

Dara's court was always full of mystics and their discussions such as given above, were carried on to his utter disregard of the state responsibilities which his position as a crown-prince had put on his shoulders. For this negligence to his state duties, he had soon to pay dearly. The discussions were soon over, as Aurangzeb seized the throne, and the patron of the mystics fell dead at the sword of the executioner.²⁶ The persecution of the associates of the crown-prince started and our friend Sarmad too met with the same fate as his patron. We will discuss about his death with a little more detail, as they throw much light on the devotion of Sarmad to his ideals.

SARMAD'S END :

Aurangzeb who succeeded Shah Jahan after having deposed him from his throne, was very strict in regard to Shariah and any kind of relaxation in the matter of religion was not tolerated by him. Under the circumstances he could not see eye to eye with the faith expressed by Dara Shikuh and his associates. Besides, Dara's relations with his brothers, especially with Aurangzeb, were not at all cordial. He always tried to keep every one of them away from the court so that they might not find any opportunity to win the favour of the emperor Shah Jahan. Also he feared that their presence in the close proximity of the throne, was likely to expose his own weaknesses, and that the presence of the rivals might disturb his mystic parleys. The sufis and mystics of his court were all in favour of his taking the crown and the kingdom. It is reported that Sarmad had actually prophesied that it was destined that only Dara Shikuh would become the king. Now as Dara was killed, Sarmad was brought before Aurangzeb who asked him where then his devoted prince

26. For details about the war between Aurangzeb and Dara, see Bernier's eye-witness account.

was about whom he had prophesied. Sarmad replied "He is present now but you cannot see him, for you tyrannise over those of your own blood ; and in order to usurp the kingdom, you took away the life of your brothers and did other barbarities."²⁷ And also he is reported to have said that Dara had gained the kingdom of eternity which Aurangzeb was not able to get at any cost (vide J. A. S. B. *op. cit.*). The answer became the cause of further annoyance of the Emperor. Anyway, Dara's death was a signal for the dispersal of the society of the sufis and their apprehension one after the other. Mulla Shah of Badakhshan was called from his quiet hermitage in Kashmir to answer for his attachment to Dara Shikuh.²⁸ Other mystics or supporters of Dara were summarily tried and punished. But Sarmad was still at large. His influence over the people, high and low, was too great to be ignored by Aurangzeb. To get rid of Sarmad was rather a difficult hurdle to cross over.

The Ulamas of the court as it was done in the case of Dara Shikuh, were consulted in order to find out means to finish with Sarmad. The orthodox mullas' advice was to declare the sufi as Kafir (infidel) for the reasons given below :

1. Sarmad moved about naked and nudity in that form was not allowed by Shariah. So his behaviour was an open challenge to Islam.

2. Sarmad uttered only the first half of the first part of the Kalima (Lá iláha) which evidently suggested denial of the existence of God.

3. Sarmad did not believe in the physical ascension of the Prophet Muahmmad, which was quite contrary to the commonly held belief. As an evidence to this the following quatrain of Sarmad was quoted :

He who understood the secrets of the Truth
Became vaster than the vast heaven ;
Mulla says 'Ahmad went to heaven' ;
Sarmad says 'nay, heaven came down to Ahmad.'

(See text, Quatrain : 128).

27. Manucci : I, 984.

28. Mullah Shah was a disciple of Mian Mir of Lahore. He died in Lahore in 1072 A. H. (M. K. 200).

Indeed according to impartial judges the excuses given above are flimsy enough to keep the real cause of the anger concealed. It is true that the puritan Emperor could hardly tolerate any kind of effrontery (such as nudity or open criticism of the Shariah) for the reason that it might lead the ignorant followers astray, and ultimately to apostasy. But Sarmad was not the only person there going about naked and uttering blasphemy. There were many more who were openly hostile towards Shariah and behaved as Sarmad did. This leads one to believe that the chief cause could not be other than political, that is, Sarmad's association with Dara Shikuh.²⁹

In framing the charges against Sarmad, one who took the leading part, was the king's favourite courtier and his teacher,³⁰ I'timād Khan Mulla Qavi, who being proud of his great position, had very little respect for other learned men, and his vanity did not allow him to tolerate any other greater influential person in the neighbourhood. Once Mulla Qavi cross examined Sarmad at the instance of the Emperor and asked the Sufi to give reasons for his peculiar habits. Sarmad did not give any answer except this : "shaitān qavi ast, "i. e. Satan is powerful". There was a pun on the word *Qavi* which could be used in two different senses—powerful and the Mulla himself. That is, it could be taken in the sense "Mulla Qavi is Satan."³¹ Sarmad also recited the following quatrain :³²

A sweet-statured one has reduced me to a low position ;
By the intoxicating cups of eyes he has carried me
away from myself,
He is in my arms and I run about searching for him—
A strange thief has stripped me of my garments.

The answer was nothing but a sheer disrespect to the Mulla which he could hardly bear. He was already annoyed with the sufi

29. Vide. Ma'athirul Umara : I. 227. "The real thing is that actual cause of Sarmad's death was his association with Dara ; otherwise how many such senseless people moved about the streets and roads."

30. Ibid. p. 226. Bina, bar taqarrub-i-sultani wa pindar ba ustādi'a badsha i'tina bashāh-i mardum nami kard.

31. Ibid.

32. Ibid. See original text ; 19.

because of the fact that the latter's presence in Delhi had damaged his prestige and challenged his over-presumptuousness in enforcing shariat laws.

Now, Sarmad was arrested and brought before the court presided over by the same Mulla Qavi and was called upon to answer his charges. But Sarmad knowing it as a matter of course faced the charges squarely and pleaded "not guilty." He explained his behaviour in respect of all the charges framed against him. To the first charge of nudity he said that mode of life was not totally forbidden, for the Prophet Isaiah used to go about naked in his old age. He recited the following quatrain to explain it further :

He who gave thee the kingly crown (or throne),
 Provided me with all sorts of vexations ;
 He grants dress to sinners to hide their sins,
 To the immaculate He only gives the garment
 of nudity.⁸⁸

To the second charge that he did not recite the whole of the 'kalima' he replied that he did it just because he had not yet realised the complete Truth. That is, he was just in the dark about the existence of God. He would recite the whole of it after he had seen Him with his own eyes. To admit the existence of anyone without the tangible proof of it, is tantamount to false evidence.

As for the third and the last charge, Sarmad might have explained his position (though we have no factual record of it) by his belief in the *Wahdatul Wujud*, i. e. existence of *haq* (Truth) everywhere and in everything. Those who realise the truth make little difference between *falak* and *Zamin*, as for them all are alike. So, to the sufis the ascension of the Prophet to the higher sphere physically or visionally meant very much the same, it was not therefore necessary for Muhammad to go to see one who is believed to have existed without the limitation of *Time* and *Space*.

But the trial as said above was just to camouflage the real motive of the ruler and Mulla Qavi and only to throw dust into the admirers and followers of Sarmad. The arguments, however

convincing, could produce very little effect on the trying authority. He was found guilty of apostasy and the sentence of death was passed on him. There was nothing new in it and not quite unexpected. The enmity between the strict orthodoxy and mysticism (if other political reasons for the trial be set aside in the present case) which Dara Shikuh like other mystics of the past explained as 'equality and abandonment of religious obligation'⁸⁴ was of very old standing and a large number of sufis had already fallen victim at different times to the former's bigotry. Mansur Hallaj, Shahabuddin Suhrawardy called as Maqtul and a host of others had suffered death from the hands of the orthodox priests. Sarmad only added one more name to the long list of martyrs. With this his greatness in the circle of sufis was written with indelible ink on the page of history.

The sentence of death was confirmed by the other ulamas and approved of by the Emperor. Soon after the formalities were gone through, the sufi was led to the place of execution. Unlike Dara Shikuh's who was done away with in the dark cell of the prison, Sarmad's execution was made a public affair. The object probably was to bring to bear upon all, the consequences which would follow if they ventured to do anything against the state-cum-religion. A platform outside the main gate of the Juma' Masjid . (Delhi) was erected for the purpose of execution. Sarmad guarded by armed soldiers and surrounded by a huge crowd marching along, walked with complete equanimity and disinterestedness from the fort to the place of death. He recited extempore all the way beautiful quatrains⁸⁵ as he often did in company or alone. The crowd had become so dense that it was difficult to pass through it. The executioner, a low caste man of sweeper class (or kannas), approached with his naked sword and wanted according to the custom to cover the face of Sarmad. But he hinted him not to do so, smiled and addressing the executioner said :

O friend with the naked sword thou arrivest
In whatever guise thou comest I recognise thee.

84. Vide, Majma'ul Bahrain : p. 80.

85. Ma'arif—May, 1946. J. A. S. B. (opt cit.)

He also uttered the following verse :

There was an uproar and we opened our eyes
from the eternal sleep ;
As it was night of evil yet, we slept again.⁸⁶

Aqil Khan Razi the court chronicler of Aurangzeb writes that when the executioner was about to give the fatal blow, Sarmad uttered :

The naked body was the dust (obstruction) on love's
path
That too has now been cut from the head by the
sword.⁸⁷

According to another version Sarmad recited the following :

My head has been severed from the body by a flirt
who was my companion,
The matter was cut short, otherwise it was a source
of a great headache.⁸⁸

It is related that just before he was executed, a friend of his, Shah Asadullah by name, came up to him and said : "Look, there's yet time to escape this hopeless tribulation. Do cover your nakedness, and utter the whole of the kalima and I am sure you will be let off." Sarmad looked up, said nothing in reply to it but recited only the verse :

It is long since the name of Mansur passed into oblivion,
I wish to exhibit the gibbet and the rope again.⁸⁹

It is said that Sarmad before his head was actually severed from his body, was heard reciting the whole of the kalima as if he had perceived the Truth at the last moment of his life (1071 A. H. *Mir'at ul Khayal* p. 217).

Sarmad was buried at the very place he was executed and his tomb stands there up to this day. Walih of Daghistan, the author of *Riyad ush Shu'ara* visited Sarmad's tomb some years

86. *Ibid.*

87. *Ibid.*

88. *Ibid.*

89. *Ibid.*

after the death of the sufi and found it covered with flowers and frequented by a large number of visitors from far and near. "Throughout the year" he writes, "the green grass covering the grave of Sarmad never gets dry. This is a miracle of the *second Mansur* (*Mansur-i-thani*)" ⁴⁰

SARMAD AS A POET

Sarmad's fame rests not only on his spiritualistic powers but also on his poetical works (especially quatrains) which in reality was the medium of his mystic expression. It has already been referred to in the beginning of the chapter that Sarmad was endowed with all the gifts which go in the making of a first rate poet, and that he had attained sufficient proficiency in literature, and philosophy. He had acquired mastery over the two important languages of the time, viz. Persian and Arabic.

Sarmad to be more exact, was a born poet and from the very early period of his life, he started writing verses. His teachers Mulla Sadra and Findarski were reputed poets, and it is quite possible he might have shown his verses to them and received due encouragement. Kashan, Sarmad's native place, itself has produced a large number of eminent poets, and there was no dearth of them at the time of Sarmad. So, a boy of Sarmad's talents could easily receive necessary coaching in the technicalities of writing verses. Sarmad wrote in every form of verse, viz. gazal, rubai, qit'a etc. and he was quite prolific in his out-put. He wrote much in his youth, most of which was excellent erotic poetry, of which he says :

Now old as I am it is difficult for me to write verses ;
What I had to write has been written in my youth.

40. Ibid. The death of Sarmad took place in 1071 (1661-62) when Aurangzeb's reign entered its third year. The stone on the grave of Sarmad reads as follows :

Shah Sarmad dar 'ahdi Alamgir
chun safar sakhta bakhuldi barin
guft tarikh Akbari miskin
lahd-i-marqad shahid-i-Sarmad in.
1070 A. H. (?)

And again

In youth indulgence in lyrical poetry is excellent ;
Love for rose, the saki. and the bottle is excellent.⁴¹

But unfortunately out of all of his works nothing except a ghazal, a few stray verses and over three hundred quatrains have survived the ravages of time. The ghazal as he says in the quatrain given here below was composed by him after the style of Khwaja Hafiz, and the quatrains after that of Umar Khayyam, though the ideas expressed therein are strictly his own :

With the ideas and thoughts of others I have no concern
Though in style of ghazal I am a follower of Hafiz ;
As for quatrains, I am a disciple of Khayyam,
But I have tasted little the wine he effered.⁴²

Whether he compiled any anthology of his early ghazals all erotic like those of Hafiz, is not known to us. At least it has not come down to us in any book form, nor is any number of them available to us in other anthologies. With only one ghazal and a few stray verses which are also parts of the defunct ghazals in hand, we are not in a position to form any opinion about Sarmad's capacity in this particular form of verse. To copy or compete with Hafiz is by itself a presumption and an audacity, and I wonder if Sarmad fared well in his attempt. The ghazal and other stray verses are no match to any ghazal of Hafiz. The arrangement of words suggests artificiality and the ideas are inspid, old and outworn. Their loose and rank versification and forcible tagging of incoherent couplets is a great reflection on the master writer of quatrains. It is very likely that the people did not care much for preserving such ghazals.

It is only the quatrains of Sarmad that are the mainstay of his name and fame as a poet. His quatrains which give him lustre enough to shine in the constellation of eminent poets of

41. See the original in the Persian text, Rubai No.

42. Rubai No. 285 Persian text.

43. There have been very few poets in Persian literature who would have succeeded in all forms of verse. Even the master poets like Hafiz could write best in only one form. The same is the case with Sarmad.

the 17th century, provides any one with sufficient material to estimate his importance as a poet and a teacher of mysticism.

RUBAI OR QUATRAIN, ITS DEFINITION :

"Rubai or Quatrain, as its name suggests is a short poem of four lines the first second and fourth rhyming together, the third also rhymes with the other three lines but mostly remains blank. This arrangement of the rhymes has a very singular effect, as the rhyme of the first two lines, which seemed to be lost on the appearance of the third, returns as an echo in the fourth and closes the little poem in a manner at once graceful to the ear and satisfying to the aesthetic sense. Occasionally the third is also rhymed, but then the result is less happy as the effect just mentioned is absent".⁴⁴

There is a series of twenty-four metres, all derived from the Hazaj (Mufa'ilan.—, eight times) peculiar to the rubai, in one of which it must be written. Take for example the following rubai of Babā Tāhir Uryan a great sufi poet of the fifth century of the Hijra whose rubaiyat are sung throughout Persia by literate and illiterate people :

agar dardam yake bude chih bude
wagar gham andake bude chih bude
babalinam habibam yā tabibam
azin du gar yake bude chih bude.

The rubai is rhymed at the end in the first, second and fourth lines, while the third has been left out unrhymed just to break the monotony of the poem. The rubai can be scanned as follows :—

agar dardam : *mufa'ilan* : yake bude *mufa'ilan* : chih bude : *fa'ulan*;
wagar gham an—do— dake bude—do— chih bude—do—
the other two lines can be scanned in the same way.

Rubai according to Prof. Browne (Lit. Hist. of Persia i. 472) is "almost certainly of the poetical genius". The Persian

44. For detailed note on Rubai see History of Ottoman Poetry by E. W. Gibb V. I.

philologists attribute the invention of this metre to a child playing at nuts with its playmate : one of the nuts having fallen out of the hole by a rebound then falling back rolling, the child called out "ghaltan ghaltan hami rawad ta buni gau (rolling rolling it goes to the bottom of the hole). According to Daulat Shah of Samarkand (Ed. Browne, p. 30), the child was the son of Ya'qub b. Laith the Saffarid and the officials of the court recognised in this hemistich (misra') a variety of hazaj : "they added a second hemistich to it with the same scansion, then a second line (bait) which they called du baiti (poem in two verses), but some scholars, considering that it consisted of four hemistichs adopted the name rubai and Rudaki (d. 329 A. H.) was the first to excel in it."⁴⁵

Rubai is a form of verse which has ever been popular among the Persian and it was often called tarāna (song) by many poets.⁴⁶

Among the Rubai writers of the early times, it is only a rubai of Abu Shakur Balkhi (A. H. 334) which has come down to us through Lubab ul Albab of Aufi. The rubai runs as follows :

Ai gastha man az gham-i-firawān-i-tu past
shud qāmt-i-man zi dard-i-hijrān-i-tu shast
ai shusta manaz farib-i-dustān i-tu dast
shud hich kas-i-basirat-o-shān-i-tu hast.⁴⁷

Peculiarity of the early rubais is that in them all the lines are rhymed. After Abu Shakur we notice a gradual progress being made in this form of verse and its frequent use by the poets of the period. We can hardly see any poet or sufi of that time who did not try his pen in writing rubais. Among the well known writers of the rubais whose names are mentioned in the biographical works are 'Ammarah Muruzi (d. 360), 'Asjadi (d. 483) Abul Hasan Kharqāni (d. 425) and a host of others.

45. Encyclopaedia of Islam, p. 1167. According to the Mu'jam fi ma'-ayiri ashar 'i-'Ajam of Shamsi Qais, it was Rudaki himself who heard the child uttering the words as he played with the nuts. Rudaki completed the verse and adding two more hemistichs to it completed the poems.

46. Ibid.

47. Ma'arif, May, 1946.

48. Ibid.

But the man who made the *rubai* really a rubai is Abu Sa'id Abul Khayr (d. 440 A. H.). He is to rubai just as Sa'adi is to *ghazal*, Firdausi to *mathnavi*, and Anwari to *Qasida*. Abu Sa'id was a great poet and a true mystic. He adopted the rubai for the expression of his mystic experiences. This introduction of the *tasawwuf* (mysticism) in the Persian poetry instilled it with a life and made its standard as high as that of any other piece of literature of the world.

Abu Sa'id's rubais have ever been a source of great inspiration for the novices in the path of mysticism, and have always been a prototype for the writers of rubais. So, after him all the great writers of this form of verse regarded Abu Sa'id as their preceptor, in style, diction and subject matter.

Although every Persian poet wrote quatrains, but after Abu Said those who excelled others in this verse form, are Umar Khayyam Sahabi and Sarmad.

MAIN THEME OF THE RUBAIS

Rubai as stated above is a form of verse which was adopted by the sufis as the vehicle of their mystical experiences. Abu Said the great sufi poet was indeed the first to introduce mysticism into it and it was he who put this peculiar diction and style into vogue wherein certain terms were used in metaphorical sense. Love being the central idea, all the terms connected with love and beauty were used in the rubais. Love was the love for God and a special path was selected to be taken for reaching Him. This path in general sense was borrowed from the Greeks and Indians (known as *wahdatul wujud*, i. e. unitysm or pantheism) and was made adaptable to the Shariah. Pantheism strictly speaking imports nothing but existence of God in everything present in the world. So anything beautiful or pleasing to the eye was according to it a symbol of divine beauty.

The renunciation of the world, quietism, submitting ones Will to the Will of God, etc. were the integral parts of *tasawwuf* and were preached by the sufi poets conscientiously and

vehemently. We quote here a few quatrains to illustrate our points of view :

shirin dahni kih az labash jân mirikht
kufrash zi sari zulf -i- parishân mirikht
gar shaikh bakufri zulfi u rah miburad⁵⁰
khaki râh-i-tu u- bar sar-i-imân mirikht

and

dar bâgh rawam kui tu am yâd âyid
bar gul nigram rui tu am yâd âyid
dar sâyai sarw agar dami binshinam
sarw qad-i-diljui tu am yâd âyid.⁵¹

and

raftam bakalisai tarsa-o-yahud
tarsa-o-yahud jumlagi ru batu bud
Bar yad-o-wasâl-i-tu ba but khana shudam
tasbih-i-butân zamzama'i 'ishq-i-tu bud.

QUATRAINS OF SARMAH AND THEIR THEME

Sarmad as admitted on all hands was a true sufi and a born poet and always recited verses extempore of which a larger number were rubais or quatrains. As he belongs to the universal order of the pantheists, Sarmad's ideas and thoughts expressed (which are really the true reflection of his personal feelings and experiences) in his rubais are in complete concordance with others. We can analyse some of the important features of his poetry in the following manner :

1. Sarmad believes in the Immanence of the Lord. According to him the existence of the essence of the Haqiqat (Truth)

49. For the life account of Abu Sa'îd see Nicholson : Studies in Islamic Mysticism.

50. Sweet-faced from whose lips dripped life, and
Infidelity from her dark locks.
If a priest finds way to the kufr of her locks,
He would have thrown dust on the head of his faith.

51. In the garden I'm reminded of thy street.
I remember thy face as I see a flower.
If I sit under a cyprus for sometime,
I am reminded of thy long stature.

could be perceived in every thing and on all sides. No place was without Him whether it was a garden, or a temple, or a desert. To be more precise at every place He took a different shape and manifested Himself in a different form. Thus Sarmad says:

In one place He takes the form of the black-stone of Ka'ba,
And in the other He becomes the idol of a Hindu.⁵²

And explaining the Unity in diversity he says :

Thou art sometimes a cyprus, an hyacinth, a jasmine,
Other times a mountain, a desert or a garden.
Sometimes thou appeareth as a light or flower scent,
Thou art found in the garden and also in the assembly.⁵³

For this reason Sarmad finds it difficult to distinguish between creation and creator :

I know not in this spherical monastery
Abhay Chand is my god or some one else.

That is to say, for Sarmad "the One is the only real existence deeply infused in all matters and in all the forces of the universe and in the mind of man".

I find the essence of the form everywhere the same ⁵⁴

2. God is manifest in all things indeed, but in order to perceive Him a special power of insight must necessarily be developed. This insight is primarily a gift of God which man can utilise by his connection with a true spiritual guide. The spiritual guide in his turn helps the novice to understand *love* which is originated by divine illumination. This love and illumination are bestowed on those who really deserve it and can stand it :

52. I went to the worship houses of the Jews and the Christian.

I found them all turned their faces towards Thee.

Urged by Thy love and meeting, I went also to the temple

(I found) the idols singing Thy praise. (Abu Said Abul Khayn).

53. Dabistan, p. 195.

54. Vide Persian text.

55. Ibid.

Sarmad, the pang of love is not granted to a lustful one,
 As the passion of moth's heart is not given to gadfly.
 It requires whole of life to get union with the *beloved* ;
 But this eternal wealth is not showered on all.⁵⁶

The divine illumination, Sarmad believes is not a gradual process coming by degrees. It comes like the flash of a lightning and for receiving it one has got to be alert, and must give up all worldly connections.

3. This renunciation of the world is the most essential part of the mystic programme. Complete severance of all the connections with this ephemeral world is the quickest way to get the main object. The mystics therefore are unanimous in condemning worldly ties as they always present a great hindrance to spiritual progress. A large number of the rubais of Sarmad are devoted to this subject and the repetition of the idea sometimes appears to be very monotonous. Condemning the world Sarmad says :

Seekers after the world lack all comforts,
 Perpetually they are wedded to their lust for gold.
 These people seldom think of their approaching end ;
 So lost are they in longing for the wealth.

and also

To pine for wealth and high positions is bad ;
 To entertain such stupid wishes is bad.
 In thy body's house thy soul is not to stay for long ;
 To have high hopes for this short life is bad.

4. Sarmad advises the sinners not to be swayed by pessimism in regard to God's forgiveness. God's mercy he says is far greater than the sins of all the human beings put together. About this he writes :

Thy mercy far exceeds my sins ;
 I take stock of this all every moment.
 Although I am lost in sins from head to foot,
 Yet my sins fall far short of thy kindness.

5. Besides the painful repetition of ideas and thoughts

56. Vide Persian text Q. 94.

mentioned above, Sarmad wrote also on different other topics mainly under the influence of his varied emotions and moods. He recited rubais in his conscious as well as ecstatic states. In the former state he, well aware of his smallness in comparison to the vastness and magnitude of the universe, appears to be quite pessimistic in tone :

The things that are of no avail—are we.
The trees which bear no fruit—are we.
We have weighed ourselves well in the scales,
The atoms which are of no account—are we.⁵⁷

But in his ecstasy he finds himself like the drop mingling with the ocean, one with the entire creation. He forgets his insignificance and feels himself as the king of kings :

I am the king of kings and not naked like thee,
All distracted but gracefully composed.

6. Sarmad like many other sufis is not in favour of pursuing closely the path of the shariah. Or to be more correct he is not in favour of following this path at all, for to him the right path leading to the Creator or the Truth is the path of sufis. For him all the zahids or the followers of the path of the shariah were hypocrites, always trying to show off. They were totally ignorant of the path of love which leads one to the Truth. So he advises the 'pious man' to drink the wine of m'arifat (divine knowledge) and give up all vanity and pride.

Drink wine o pious man, it's so sweet !
Give up asceticism, it conceals evils.⁵⁸

7. Explaining the secret of the realisation of the Truth which according to him is very much like the story of the moth and the candle he says :

I saw the whole thing flared up—
The same thing visible on every side ;
I saw the drama of 'Moth and Candle'.
But (I found) the source of light was elsewhere.

57. Ibid. Q. 198.

58. Ibid. Q. 81.

STYLE AND DICTION OF SARMA'D'S QUATRAINS :

Sarmad possessed the talents to express the most difficult ideas in the briefest possible manner and his Jewish niggardliness in regard to the use of words is manifest in each of his rubais. He avoids as far as possible the use of uncommon allusions, far-fetched similies and metaphors, and jarring words and phrases. Really there is very little scope for any change or alteration in any line of his rubais. A few quotations given here below will substantiate our statement :

Az mansab-i-'ishq sarfazarazam kardand
waz minnat-i-khalq biniyazam kardand
chun sham'a darin bazm gudazam kardand
az sukhtagiash mahram-i-razam kardand.

and

Ta nist nagardi rah-i-hastat nadihand
win martaba bā himmat-i-pastat nadihand
Chun Sham'a basukhtan tā nadihi
sar rishtā-i-raushni badastat nadihand.

and also

sad shukr kih az yār tarahm didam
ihsan-o-karam bahāl-i-khud fahmidam
nakhl-i-kih nishanid thamar mibakhshad
akhir gule az bagh-i-mahabbat chidam.⁶⁰

In fact Sarmad has presented even the old and outworn ideas in a novel and simple way, making them thus still more effective and assimilative. His words are free from unnatural adornments, and poetic licenses and therefore can be understood without much difficulty even by a man with little knowledge of Persian.

According to the critics of Persian poetry the best verse is that which can be rendered into prose with the least change in the arrangement of words. This we find as the chief characteristic of the quatrains of Sarmad. For instance he says :

ān kas kih sharāb mikhurād miguzrad
wān kas kih kabāb mikhurād miguzrad

Sarmad kih bakása'i gadá'i nán rá
tar kardáh bá áb mikhurad miguzrad.

This is one of the very popular quatrains of Sarmad. Besides that, it contains all the charms and melody to place it among the best; it can be read both as a prose and poetry. The quatrain, so to say, presents an excellent example of Sarmad's simplicity, originality and natural flow of ideas and befitting words. With the exception of only a few quatrains, which however are of doubtful origin, all possess the same flow and can be read both ways; and one can hardly perceive a tinge of *awurd* (forced or uninspired expression) in any of them. One more example of it will not be out of place here:

Sarmad gila ikhtisár mibáyad kard
yak kár azin du kár mibáyad kard
yá tan barázai yár mibáyad dád
yá ján bafida'i yár mibáyad kard.

Dry as the subject mysticism is, and considering the state of mind Sarmad was in, one can hardly expect light-hearted remarks from him. But anyway his quatrains are not totally barren of the wholesome touch of humour. For instance, explaining his belief in the predestination and helplessness of man in the face of all-powerful Fate, Sarmad says:

Sarmad is a body with the soul in another hand;
He is an arrow with the bow in another hand.
He wished to be man and thereby to get freedom;
But became a cow with the rope in another hand.⁶¹

Also Sarmad's sarcastic remarks against Mulla Qavi, who later on sentenced him to death is very well known. In his remark *Iblis qavi ast* he uses the word *qavi* in two senses, i. e. iblis or Satan is qavi (powerful) or Qavi is Satan.⁶²

SARMAD AND KHAYYAM:

Khayyam is probably the best known Persian poet in the world. That is not because he was the most eminent poet of his time or wrote poetry in a style which excelled all the other poets of his age. Not at all.

61 Vide Persian text. No. 28.

62 Ma'athirul Umara. i. p. 226.

In his own country, where his poetry could best be judged, he has ever been regarded as a second rate,⁶³ for his verse in its beauty has been surpassed by many other poets and his epicurism is not quite upto the taste of the eastern mind. Khayyam's present day fame is mainly due to the appreciation of his poetry by the west. Appearance of Fitzgerald's merited rendering into English of Khayyam's quatrains, at a time when a wave of pessimism was passing through the entire western world, gave a momentum to his fame to spread far and wide. Since then it has been gaining velocity at every turn of the generation.

But Sarmad on the other hand still remains behind the veil of obscurity although his verse as compared with Khayyam would definitely prove better and more excellent. The reason is that Sarmad has so far failed to find a Fitzgerald to introduce him to the modern age.

The relation between Sarmad and Khayyam as stated above is that of a disciple to a preceptor. Sarmad has admitted this in his quatrain (see Persian text 230) :

As for quatrains, I am a disciple of Khayyam ;
But I have tasted little of the wine he offered.

That is to say, he copied the style of Khayyam but has refrained from taking up the ideas of the latter. Obviously, Sarmad has stated this just out of respect, otherwise Sarmad's style is not the true copy of Khayyam, nor have his views in certain respects differed from the latter. In their expressions about pantheism, condemnation of the worldly grandeur, shortness of this life etc. both Sarmad and Khayyam keep close to one another.

In a quatrain Khayyam admitting the transcendent nature of God and man's inability to grasp Him as He is says :

My sharp wisdom is incapable of approaching Thee ;
My imagination centres only round Thy praise.

63. Prof. Browne estimates Khayyam as second rate poet. See Hist. of Persian Lit. I.

It is impossible to know Thee *comme il faut*,
As none knows Thee except Thyself.⁶⁴

Sarmad has expressed the same idea in the following quatrain :

To know Him with the common reason is impossible ;
To see Him with the eye or heart is unthinkable.

In another quatrain he says :

Alas my imagination failed to reach Him,
Although it ran hard in this wilderness.⁶⁵

Khayyam believed that for the manifestation of the mercy and kindness of God, commission of sins is necessary, for he thought only the sinner by repentance can move God to mercy :

Khayyam, why this depression just for a sin ?
What use there's in being sorrowful ?
One without sins will have no forgiveness :
Forgiveness is meant for sin, why to worry ?

Sarmad too holds the same view with regard to sin and mercy :

I understand the significance of sin and mercy ;
I have thought well over the pros and cons of it.
His merciful eye is the lover of sins ;
The veracity of this truth is above question.⁶⁶

and also :

The ocean of His mercy is limitless,
To pay off His gratitude, tongue falls far short
and heart feels perplexed.
The more are there the sins the greater is His mercy ;
We simply swim in the ocean of sins.

64. Quoted from Ma'arif—June, 1946.

kunhi khirdam dar khuri athbât-i-tu nist.
wa andisha'i man bijuz munâjât-i-tu nist
man dhat-i-tura biwajhi kai midanam
dânanda'i dhât-i-tu bijuz dhât-i-tu nist.

65. Vide text.

66. Vide text. 188.

But it is only in the method of approach to some of the important sufistic problems that Sarmad parts company with Khayyam. Sarmad writes for others which is quite befitting his position as a true mystic ; but Khayyam writes only for himself as his poetry is the outcome of his leisure hours. In his style Khayyam is audacious, presumptuous, and moves on undaunted by the stiff rules of poetry and mysticism. He argues like a philosopher which he actually was, giving examples and deducing morals therefrom. But Sarmad on the other hand is as cautious, serene and modest in his expression as a true mystic and a preacher could be. We find little of Khayyam's outspokenness in Sarmad. Khayyam sins but is not sorry for his sins for he believes that the sins are made to be committed, and they move God to mercy. But Sarmad on the other hand is sorry for his sins and always ponders over the consequences that might follow in the wake of them.

The difference in the views of Sarmad and Khayyam can best be known from the rubais given here below. Khayyam says :

Who is there on the earth who claims to be sinless ;
How can one live at all without sins ?
I do wrong and thou givest punishment for it :
Then where lies the difference between thee and me.⁶⁷

Sarmad says :

What is the cause of my distress—tell me ?
How long have I to suffer thus—tell me ?
However sinful I may be—thou canst forgive me !
Who else is there to take pity on one—tell me ?⁶⁸

Sarmad's views in regard to instability of the world, predestination, inutility of wordly pursuits, hatred for hypocrisy and so-called orthodoxy are quite identical with those of Khayyam. Both of them exhort in their rubais that man should not be

67. Ná karda gunáh dar jahán kist bigu
àn kas kih gunáh nakard chun zist bigu
man bad kunam tu bad mukáfát dihi
pas farq miáni man-o-tu ohiest bigu

68. See original Qt. No. 275.

duped by the outward kindliness of this world. It is folly and sheer waste of time to indulge deep in the affairs of it. Under the circumstances, what should man do, how should he pass his days of life ? The answer is given by both of them in different ways. Khayyam says that the life which is not long should not be wasted away ; but every moment should best be spent in pleasure. The future will take care of itself. One should not bother about what is yet to come. Since God determines the actions of man, the consequences too are determined by Him. The best pleasure according to him lies in the company of friends and wine. Though Sarmad believes in the shortness of life, yet to him this life is just for collection of provisions for the life-to-come. So this life he says should not be wasted away in drinking wine and in the company of the men-of-the-world who mostly betray each other. The best provision for the next life is to try hard to seek union with the Lord. Or in other words, to try to attain the knowledge of the Truth, for the value of man will be judged according to it.

TRANSLATION OF SARMADE'S QUATRAINS :

The translation of a master piece into a foreign tongue is really an effrontery, as it invariably misses the charm of the original. One can change by it the shape of the words but the real spirit of them which the writer has infused cannot be transferred. According to Bergson original and translation can be compared with a gold coin and its small change. The one can be taken as equal to the other but they are not the same. The one is gold and the other base metal. Notwithstanding the great care on the part of the translator, much of its effective force too is lost in the translation. This is more true in the case of poetry. One must possess power enough to explore the depth of the poet's expression in order to grasp the original idea. A translation would ever be a poor substitute for it as it would be lacking in the personal touches of the writer. In fact, not only the ideas but also the real self of the poet passes into his verses which can by no means be separated. The arrangement of words too, often portrays the personality of the

poet. But if any change is made in that, the result would be disastrous. For instance, Tagore's poems which are proverbial for their charm and melody, appear uncouth and unpleasing when rendered into a foreign tongue.

The same is exactly true in the case of any Persian poet, especially Sarmad. Sarmad uses his own language for expressing his ideas and both language and the ideas are so united that it is difficult to separate one from the other. If it is done at all that would be at the cost either of the ideas or of the beauty of the language or both. In other words it would be "stringing the pearls in a shabby rough rope not meant for the purpose at all".

While going through Sarmad's verses one feels a regular thrill, as in a transport of ecstasy. But that can scarcely be experienced while perusing a translation of them. Nevertheless, since there is no other way to make the message of the mystic universal, for Persian now commands a very limited circle of scholars and is not widely understood as English, the translation into the latter tongue has got to be resorted to. In my rendering of the verses into English I have been as literal as it is possible ; but at places where the words happen to be confusing only the general sense has been given.

Beside the mere translation of the quatrains of Sarmad there were other hurdles to cross over. None of the libraries of Pakistan and India (nor even of Europe) has a manuscript copy of Sarmad's quatrains. The lithographed edition of them (Delhi 1905) is badly done and most of the lines are difficult to follow. One cannot make any head or tail out of them. The copyist seems to have enjoyed full freedom in dealing with the lines of Sarmad's rubais. Or at least he has done it with his eyes blindfolded, thought wandering elsewhere. Besides that, the edition in hand (1905) does not contain most of the important rubais commonly ascribed to Sarmad, just as it has included in it the important rubais of Umar Khayyam and Abu Sa'id Abul Khayr and others. The Jawahar Manzum the other available collection of Sarmad's Rubais is in a way the second edition of the first (1905 edition) without the least improvement on it. This has made a critical edition of Sarmad's rubais very difficult, for us at least, whose resources are only too limited.

However, I have tried to sift out the genuine rubais of Sarmad from this unidentified collection. Also I collected rubais from various *tadhkiras* or memoirs, books and a Ms. (an anthology of verses of different poets-Biad-i-Majnun) preserved in the Asiatic Society Calcutta, and inserted them in the present edition according to their alphabetical order.

RUBAIYAT-I-SARMAD

(In the name of God, the *Kind*, the *Merciful*).

1

Thy mercy, O God, has outweighed my sins ;
That is the only cause of my great sinfulness.
Great though my sins, Thy kindness is greater still,
That I have seen and experienced at all places.

2

In the affairs of the world, I solved the problem of all,
And relieved everyone of his sadness and grief.
Yet (in return) I got justice or fairness from none,
Though I met all and tried them well.

3

In the wasteland of experience, O God, everywhere,
I happened to meet good as well as bad people.
Yet none except Thee extended his help to me
Though I met all and tried them well.

4

O Thou living behind the veil, come out and be visible,
How I have searched where Thou couldst be !
I want to press Thee hard in my arms.
How long wouldst Thou keep Thyself concealed ?

5

All men feel happy over their physical and spiritual gains
Relieve me of the two, there lies my happiness. .
Teach me to love Thee, that's what I desire ;
Come out of the veil and be visible !

6

Thou hast distinguished Thyself in loveliness ;
In friendliness too Thou standest unequalled.
I am mad about this stylish demeanour, as I find,
Thou art invisible and visible everywhere.

Every good or bad that exists I have seen,
Every rose or thorn that was there I have plucked.
To me appeared the worth, more or less, of all,
As like gold I tested them on the touch-stone.

8

In the morning breeze my heart sought Thy fragrance,
In the garden my eye looked for Thy pretty face.
Yet I could find Thee neither in this nor in that,
Only my intuition led me to Thy abode.

Thou hast distinguished Thyself in enchanting hearts,
And also in the art of contracting friendships ;
To the penetrating eye which can see Thee,
Thou appearest in hundreds of forms every moment.

10

As you do not find everywhere signs of fickleness
Or of love and affection supported by sweetness and fidelity
You must bear in mind the creation and its lot,
These two are in God's own hands.

11

O God, out of Thy kindness, forgive me my sins,
And have pity upon my wails of the dark nights !
Full of sins as we are it is a perplexing state
Only Thy mercy can come to my rescue.

12

In the company of associates as they met in a garden or a
desert
 There were entertaining gossips and drinking bouts ;
 At last the associates parted and nothing but words
were left behind,
 The glossy firmament brought about their ruin !

13

Drive these false notions out of thy mind,
 And fancies and imperfect thoughts, O heart !
 Be not happy over indulgence in worldly affairs ;
 Beware ; neither does this nor its attachment persist.

14

Look ! in this wilderness death is pursuing you hard ;
 That is the end of all that you have been amassing.
 It begins with hardship and ends in grief,
 This wealth always becomes the cause of one's ruin.

15

The bright-faced One is kind, but at times cruel and
indifferent,
 He shows himself in hundred forms each moment.
 Just open the arms of your eyes that you may embrace
Him,
 He never goes away about a step from you.

16.

Thy mercy is more powerful than my sins,
 Every moment I reckon this within myself.
 Although I am covered with sins from head to foot,
 Yet in the presence of Thy mercy it's mere nothing.

17

Whether an ascetic or anything else, I'm concerned with
the Beloved only ;
Really I have no business with rosary or sacred thread,
This woolen cloak which conceals hundreds of evils
under it,
I shall never put it on as it is disgraceful.

18

Although vanity is considered here a great virtue,
Yet real greatness lies in humility.
Breaking of the self opens new vistas for one
As turning of stone into collyrium becomes light for
the eyes !

19

A sweet-statured one has reduced me to a very low
position
By the intoxicating cups of His eyes He has carried me
away from myself.
He is in my arms and I run about searching for Him,
A strange thief has stripped me of my garments.

20

Expect no peace and comfort from self-conceitedness.
Expect no high position from these mean efforts of yours.
This business of the world yields little of gain,
Be content with the loss and hope not for the profit.

21

Life that is spent in vain pursuits
No wonder if Thou forgivest without taking
account of these !
How should One care about the ugliness of the deeds
Whose mercy ever far exceeds His wrath ?

22

**How can Thy mercy and my sins be weighed and
measured ?
They are like bubbles that defy all calculations.
What imagination has power to fly as high as this ?
How can an incalculable thing be calculated !**

23

Seek rosy wine from the *Saki* of Kauthar !
 Seek cup of repose in old age and infirmity !
 How long will you be a captive to this world ?
 Seek freedom from it by the mercy of God.

24

O one heedless of self like a book, should know
There are signs of God concealed in thee !
That is, the Truth is manifest in thee
And thou careless of it—as a flask unaware of the
wine it contains.

25

**O Sarmad, expect not love from the men of the world !
A tree without foliage is no shelter against the sun.
Honour lies with contentment and disgrace with greed ;
Live with honour and seek not to live in disgrace !**

26

**O my atrocious self an embodiment of despair !
You cannot get bounties unless you are grateful !
You can be happy only if you are contented !
The world cannot be yours to the extent of your hope.**

27

**The woolen cloak that conceals the sacred thread under it
Is hypocrisy and source of all evils.
Give it up that you may not bear
The burden of disgrace which causes much pain.**

28

Sarmad is a body with the soul in another's hand.
He is an arrow with the bow in another's hand.
He wished to be man and thereby to get freedom
But turned a cow with the rope in another's hand.

29

Where there is rose-like cup and blooming garden,
It is the abode of our pleasure-loving heart and is our
home.
True if you call me a senseless drunkard,
But false if you dub me a pious ascetic.

30

The lovers of the world who pine for gold
Are much too notorious for their mutual grudge,
Be not afraid of the scorpions and the snakes,
But fear these people who are poison and thorns.

31

Give up asecticism, it's source of all evils :
Drink wine, O ascetic, it's so sweet :
Surely it's lawful and not at all forbidden,
And its effect is 'All is He'.

32

To pine for wealth and high position—is bad ;
This whim and fancy and vain thoughts—are bad.
(The Soul) is not to remain for ever in the body :
To yearn for this short life—is bad.

33

In a state of love the trend of my discourse is different ;
Talk about mount Sina, because my state is different ;
I'm mad about the manifestation of reality,
My thoughts are different and also the flight of my
imagination.

34

This world is full of greed and lust.
 Wherever there is a heart it pines for gold coins.
 The sick are many but very little is there the syrup of
 dinar ;
 This deserted house is crowded with sufferers.

35

In youth indulgence in lyrical poetry is excellent ;
 Love for roses, the saki and the bottle is excellent.
 But with the old age to renounce the world
 And to think of the life-after-death is excellent.

36

A fool is he who gives up drinking wine,
 A beast, yes, and not a human being.
 It (wine) stirs up pain for lovers (pangs of separation),
 And rekindles fire that is extinguished. [?]

37

A man with much of greed remains ever unsuccessful ;
 A bird that goes in search of grain gets trapped.
 This burdensome wealth causes much of grief ;
 The less of it is, the greater is the comfort.

38

A man captivated by lust and greed
 Is ever unsatisfied even though he is given an empire.
 This thread of life is pretty short, therefore,
 Give up long hopes ; they are snares and cage.

39

Every one looked about the world's garden passionately
 and passed away
 Collected nothing but thorns and faded flowers.
 This form of existence which is all Truth,
 Woe to him who understood it not and passed away !

40

One dominated by greed bears nothing but grief,
His heart is not cured even with the syrup of dinar.
In the world, there is no satisfaction to the thirsty eyes,
Such people exist in large number everywhere.

41

The place where love's grief abides is very comfortable.
Without love none can achieve success in the world.
Be not negligent of love and of pure wine, for
If you look for Jamshid's wealth, it is in the cup.

42

One who is blest with good luck in this world,
Would take nothing but a lesson from everything
around him.
Give up men's society in favour of a solitary corner ;
And fear all the good and the bad of the world !

43

If you extend your help to any one, it is good.
It is indeed a bargain extremely profitable.
Be not careless about this rare gem (of advice),
This stormy ocean of life is transitory.

44

The flame (of love) that brightens up my ruby-like heart
Becomes pearl in ocean and a spark in stone.
It assails all, but none is conscious of it ;
How strange appears this beautiful idea !

45

You saw how quickly the weal and woe of the world
passed !
Anything that you were afraid of has disappeared.
This moment or two that is still in your lot
Might not be lost ; beware the profit is not given away !

46

I do not long for the world as it values naught ;
 Religion without the wealth of Thy vision is a bondage ;
 I long for Thy union and there lies the rub ;
 One word suffices if He is inside. (?)

47

Every good or bad that exists is in the hand of God.
 This truth apparent or hidden can be witnessed anywhere.
 If you don't believe it, imagine then
 From where come the weakness of mine and Satan's
strength.

48

Every Cyprus-statured you meet is not a friend,
 Nor a silver-skinned who swindles money.
 Make friends with one who gives what you want !
 A friend is he who extends his help to you

49

A heart if wise keeps the Beloved to him ;
 And an eye if endowed with vision looks Him all about,
 An ear that is sharp hears nothing but truth ;
 And a tongue articulating has secrets in every expression.

50

He does not live only in the temple and the mosque,
 But all the heavens and the earth are His abode.
 The whole universe is gone mad about His name !
 Yes, wise is one who is lost into Him.

51

God be thanked, my beloved is pleased with me !
 He is kind all the time and showers mercy upon me.
 No loss have I suffered from this love and affection ;
 The bargain my heart struck is all profit.

58

To worry about the world for this short life is bad ;
Attachment to towns and desert is bad.
Each moment flies swiftly like the wind ;
So, this greed, avarice and (false) hopes are bad.

59

Seekers after the world lack all comforts,
Up to the last they have to worry about gold ;
These people never think of their death,
So lost are they in longing for their wealth.

60

Fear the world and the men of the world !
The more you think of them, the less is your comfort,
I have seen its spring as well as its autumn,
There is lesson for you in every rose that blooms in
world's garden.

61

Although every rose and thorn in the garden looks
pleasant,
Yet the heart feels unhappy without the company of the
Beloved.
Look, the tulip blooms red like the blood of my heart,
Yet its beauty lies in the (dagh) brand it has got.

62

My sins have exceeded all limits and calculations ;
In repentance rain shower has been put to shame
I missed union owing to my unfortunate carelessness ;
The life is passed in separation from the Beloved.

63

My foolish heart has such a craving for gold and silver,
That even at the time of prayer it wanders elsewhere.
It is deeply lost in desires for this and that,
And is quite heedless of the consequence of the affairs.

64

Though His kindness is far greater than my sins,
Yet my heart feels perplexed at the volume of them.
But to what might lead the deeds that I have done ?
My eyes shed tears over such hopes and I fears.

65

To renounce all attachment to the world is good,
If you follow this advice, it is really very good,
Adopt solitude and give up everything ;
In this fate-bound world this very thing is good.

66

The life of him who thinks of God is better ;
His beginning as well as his end is better,
I told you not to attach yourself to the world ;
If you must, then middle course is better.

67

My distracted heart is ever attached to Him,
It is united with Him as rose and scent.
The goblet of my heart overflows with love :
Out comes from the pot whatever is therein.

68

He (God) does not live outside this world ;
He is a Person who lives in and out of all.
The truth is also untruth, but untruth is not truth.
There is no other origin of the creation except Himself.

69

I have become non-existent and know nothing about life ;
I am a burning-coal and know nothing about smoke.
I gave away all—the heart, life, soul and faith,
It is a bargain and I know nothing about gain.

70

Resurrection is come ; where is the trumpet of Israfil ?
Where are the fetters of discipline for the devil ?
With a view to destroying the house of God,
The elephant has appeared ; where's the lark ?

71

My heart is again lost in love for a beautiful one ;
It is lost in desire and grief for the sweet-faced one ;
I'm old but my heart still has the strength of youth,
That is, in autumn it blooms like spring.

72

It's atrocious to remember a thing that is past ;
It is a bargain which yields sorrow and grief.
Waste not this dear life of yours,
Take it not for more than a moment ; it's too short.

73

These towns, country, hill and desert are nothing ;
All good and bad have been found to be nothing,
Abandon everything in favour of God,
These desires for the world and the religion are nothing.

74

Red flower blooms by the reflection of Thy sweet face ;
In its heart it feels grieved though outwardly looks
cheerful ;
Thou hast come later than Yusuf, because
In the garden first comes yellow flower and thereafter
the red.

75

O Sarmad, if He is faithful He will come by Himself ;
If His coming is possible He will come by Himself ;
Why do you run after Him in vain ?
Sit content ; if He is God, He will come by Himself.

76

Youth is past and the devil has been kept at bay :
 My mantle is still free from the dust of sins ;
 But alas ! with the arrival of old age sins have gained
strength,
 A strange affliction has seized me but no remedy is to be
found.

77

Since it's for God to be kind and merciful,
 There shouldn't be any worrying about sins and
evil deeds.
 Compare the flash of lightning and the flood of rain,
 How great is the mercy, how small His wrath !

78

My mad heart remained unsatisfied with the lot,
 And never rid itself of aspiring (for more).
 Youth is passed and the greed still persists ;
 We become old but not our desires.

79

The associates—how double-faced they are !
 They keep Quran under arm and profess infidelity.
 Always like the pieces of the game of chess,
 They scheme about striking against one another.

80

The butcher's son bears grudge against me,
 Though I want him to be pure at heart like the mirror.
 If he offers his hand I shall hold his feet ;
 But if he leaves, it's better than his showing his
(annoyed) face.

81

One who wants to know the transitory nature of time
 Should study how the spring yields place to autumn.
 One should not be deceived by tint and scent of
rose and wine ;
 But what is seen should be regarded as unseen.

82

At every sin His bounties and generosity increased ;
Thus of our doings He put us to shame.
My sins turned at last a guide for me to know
What were His bounties and what my crime.

83

**If the world yields to the extent of your hopes
And if the sun and the moon shine as you desire,
(What use) since you have to quit it
Even though Caesar and Faghfoor be your slaves ?**

84

He who opens his eyes to Thy kindness and mercy,
Cares nothing about the wrath and anger of others.
One abandoned by Thee (O God !) gets favour nowhere,
And one favoured by Thee is abandoned nowhere.

85

If you wish to have a share of His mercy and benevolence,
And to be in peace and comfort in both the worlds,
Be mad about Him, for it's an asset,
Be in His love, for it brings profit at last.

86

By renouncing the world one gets peace for the soul,
And finds hidden treasures in this very life.
This rare gem which is not much valued upon here
Can be had from the stormy ocean of life.

87

**If you have a heart distressed even for a moment,
(That means) you have been gifted with comfort of
the whole universe.
If the seal of God is affixed on the ring of your heart,
The entire world, so to say, comes under your command.**

88

Negligence is a great enemy for men upon this earth ;
But if you will know the worse still, that is a wish for
high position.

Stir up as you grow old, for at long last,
Nothing could remain in hand except the remorse.

89

Be not grieved if you are granted a wounded heart ;
Be not happy if they bestow favours on you before all.
If you are grateful (to God) for this eternal wealth,
Much will be given you and before everyone else.

90

It's good, Sarmad, you have not complained against
thy beloved ;
It's good, you have avoided talks of indecency.
You should be grateful to the time ;
The deed which was not good has not been done.

91

Look ! All of my dear ones have gone under the earth ;
They have been bound down in the valley of death.
Everyone is obliged to turn to dust at last,
In spite of the great heights of eminence he may have
achieved.

92

One drinks wine and passes on !
The other enjoys roasted meat and passes on !
But Sarmad dipping in the water of his bowl,
His dry bread, eats and passes on.

93

In the scales of providence, God weighed with the Sun
The sweet commodity of Thy face ;
One being heavier remained at its place,
While the other being lighter reached heaven.

94

Sarmad, the pang of love is not granted to avaricious ones,
The passion of the moth's heart is not given to a gadfly.
To attain union with the Beloved needs a long time ;
But this imperishable wealth is not given to every one.

95

Love and fidelity be your associates wherever you go !
Peace and comfort be your companions at all places !
Forget not to send us letters and messages !
Keep us in touch with you, God be with you !

96

All comforts lie in the love for the Beloved,
And not in aspiring for position and wealth.
Surrender your life and heart to Him ;
And be not away from this immortal wealth.

97

Do not seek for the world, it's an enemy of the soul ;
It's a burden which falls heavily on the heart.
It's necessary one should weigh it carefully
In the balance of one's own judgment, in this world.

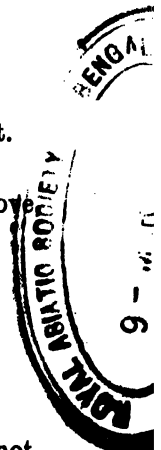
98

In the season of flowers an ascetic takes to drinking ;
And in autumn he feels drowsiness at the thought of it.
Drink wine, O Sarmad ! the hunter of heaven is on

Every day planning to snipe at you.

99

Alas ! my imagination failed to grasp Him,
Though it flew hard in this wilderness.
I'm vexed at this imperfect imagination which knows not,
Who gives shape to the spider's web.



100

The heart that is happy at being lost in grief for him
Is contented and free in both the worlds.
I found the same Reality pervading all places ;
The mirror that can receive its reflection—is a gift of God.

101

These men of the world are swayed by grief,
The insane among them are more numerous than the sane.
In this short life, on account of evil self
They are in the bonds of greed and lust and envy.

102

This world gave no peace to any one.
Indulgence in it is a bargain which yields no profit.
Now it clings fast to your skirt—as it did to others’—
It has been so, so it shall be.

103

Though hundreds of my friends turned foe to me,
Yet the friendship of One solaced my heart.
Giving up diversity I adopted unity,
And at last I became attached to Him and He to me.

104

I saw many who carried nothing with them except pain
and remorse ;
They took away several disgraces of envy from the world.
In this short life, due to avarice,
They split their hearts asunder with grief.

105

These fools who know little of God
Grudge against each other for the sake of gold and silver.
Trust not the friendship of the people of the world,
Who foster enmity just for this short life.

106

'These dwellers of the earth think ill about me.
There are true friends but very few.
An avaricious person desires much pleasure of life,
But the favourites of God are given to sufferings.

107

Upon this earth one makes friends for the sake of 'bread' ;
We ne'er saw any one who loves others from his heart.
All run for a morsal of bread from door to door ;
That is the thing which inspires friendship in them.

108

Long hopes of life never came to end ;
My foolish heart cared little about the consequences
of deeds.
'The nights (youth) passed in longing for an
undisturbed sleep ;
What to do now as the day has dawned (old age
has come) ?

109

'The moment my heart takes stock of its deeds,
So much grief and remorse crowd around it ;
Not even for a moment does it pay heed to it,
'That it should give up a thing that brings regret.

110

'The heart has turned mad after one like Layla ; and now
In this strange state the very home looks like a desert.
In old age and decrepity an ascetic became young ;
That is, in autumn, spring has re-appeared.

111

He who gave you the kingly throne (or crown)
Provided me with all sorts of vexations,
He grants dress to the sinful to hide their sins,
To the sinless He grants only garments of nudity.

112

Besides Thee I do not wish to have another friend ;
 My heart craves for neither garden nor spring ;
 Thou art the nucleus of all of my thoughts and ideas,
 And I think of nothing except Thy love and Thy
moon-like face.

113

There is no pleasure but in the wine of love
 And none gets ecstasy of unity (with God)
without suffering ;
 This tavern of the world is all headache, and it
 Cannot be free from dizziness, grief and burden.

114

These men of the world are envious of each other ;
 Lost in themselves, each one sings his own music.
 All laws of love and affection have been thrown
to the winds,
 And they always quarrel in-stead of living in peace.

115

Choose one as a friend who might not betray you,
 And might not disturb you in course of friendship !
 Who might keep company with you all the time,
 And should not get away even for a step.

116

These people who are lovers of gold and silver
 Are careless about God, and foe to each other.
 Although each one has his own predetermined lot
 Yet they grudge against each other at God's gifts.

117

Sober is one who drinks rose-like cups,
 Thus gets relief from of the pangs of life.
 Drink wine as the hunter of heaven is on the move
 Planning always to drag every one in the net.

118

Thou art one whose love turns everyone pale,
Whose wrath defeats leopards ;
Thy harsh-heartedness demands stiffness of our soul,
It is so because only a stone breaks a stone.

✓119

In the slaughter house of love only the good ones are
killed,
Not the emaciated and the ill-tempered ones.
You are a true lover, fear not death, for
One who is already dead is not killed (sacrificed).

120

On the day I shall be buried underground
By Thy mercy, O God, I may feel better.
But on the earth peace is impossible,
If under it one has to suffer like this.

121

O cruel self what wilt thou do then
When thou art separated from the creation of God ?
Why wouldst thou quarrel and bear enmity to me ?
By mistake even, sometime, makest peace with me !

122

Of the wealth of the world no vestiges remain,
It disappears like dreams and imagination.
Be not happy over these unreal thoughts and hopes,
They are mere sources of pain and grief.

✓123

One who keeps His love alive in one's heart
Looks senseless but really is all-conscious.
There are but few who can perceive effect of the intoxi-
cation (of love),
Although this invisible wine flows (in the hearts of) all.

124

By bestowing love upon me, He made my position high ;
And relieved me of the obligations of the people.
He made me burn as a candle in the house,
And by such burning revealed secrets to me.

125

Though He knows about my sins well,
Yet He calls me every moment to the table of His
bounties.
I contemplated much about my hopes and fears
And (I find) He is kind to me more than all others.

126

He who understood the secrets of the Truth,
Became vaster than the vast heaven ;
Mulla says, "Ahmad went to heaven" ;
Sarmad says, 'Nay, heaven came down to Ahmad" ?

✓127

O Sarmad, they made thee intoxicated with the wine of
love !
Lifted thee up and again pulled thee down.
Thou desired to remain conscious and worship God ;
But they made thee tipsy and an idol worshipper !

128

Give up vanity that Faith may get closer to you,
That you might stand at the head of all doers of good !
They will give you power to rule over both the worlds,
And the universe may be put under your care.

129

Just a word friends ! only if you pay attention !
"Drink cups of wine so far as available" !
With the help of it Jamshid attained wealth !
I fear lest you should ignore this advice !

130

These men of the world are careless about God,
Every morn and eve they think of gold and silver.
They suffer at heart in each other's company,
Though like the breeze they are to pass away swiftly.

131

O God, do not make me look for help from anyone,
To hope for faithfulness and love from anyone !
In the circle of events I have been bound down ;
Resides Thy door of mercy no relief is possible.

132

Everyone asks for 'wealth and faith' from God
And prays for the gift of the silver-skinned Beloved,
But my poor heart desires neither of the two,
It cherishes union with Him and wants only that.

133

Who is there to mistake hypocrisy for asceticism ?
Why, God knows all about our fraud and insincerity.
You say, drink wine and be ascetic like yourself,
Tell this to one who knows you not.

134

O Sarmad, be wise to cut short your complaints
And do one thing out of these two :
Either surrender your body to the will of God
Or sacrifice your soul on the path of His.

✓ 135

Unless you annihilate yourself, you cannot get life,
This position is not granted to one with a weak will.
Like candle if you do not burn yourself out and out,
The thread of light will not be given to you.

136

O Sarvad, by granting love, they put me into disrepute,
And made me intoxicated, perplexed and mad.
My naked body was dust on the love's path,
That too has been cut from my body with a sword-blow.

137

Refrain yourself from the desire of gold and silver,
So that a pretty faced one may come in your arms !
Look ! the thread of Fate is not in your hand,
Be not therefore envious of one whom God grants.

138

As you see the sins and virtues of others,
Recollect your own sins and virtues.
That is a true virtue and nothing is better than that ;
Look into yourself rather than to the sins and virtues
of others.

139

I go upon my head in the path of the Beloved,
O God, excuse me now as I have lost both head and feet ;
Why a sane one only can put shoes upon his head ;
How a mad one can tie a turban around his head.

140

In this ocean of life you are like a tiny bubble,
Which fears every wave that appears there.
Take mirror before you and look for a moment
Your reflection—how long will it last ?

141

Abandon all thoughts, fancies and ideas about the world
And pass like the breeze through the garden
and the desert ;
Be not enchanted by the tint and fragrance of flower
and wine ;
But be conscious (of reality) and give up (vain) desires.

142

Take me, my friend, as a man of philosophy and learning
And perfect in affection, fidelity and love.
I'm possessor of Truth and of magnificent form
Like a book, look into me in both ways.

✓143

Day and night I feel shame at my evil deeds ;
I know this secret and no one else knows it.
With such a multitude of sins I'm not indifferent
to Thy kindness—
That is, I'm not quite forgetful of either of them
(mercy and sins).

144

O boasting ascetic give up vanity
That you may not suffer in the long run.
They call you ascetic but you are a hypocrite ;
Thus, they wrongly call the fair one ugly.

✓145

My sins as well as Thy kindness have no limits.
Really a boundless thing defies all measurements.
If I take stock of this for hundred years
Neither Thy mercy nor my sins can be counted.

✓146

Abandon the society of the people and turn to God,
So that your heart may embrace the bride of comfort !
Release the thread of relationship off your hand
And get the wealth of relief and peace.

✓147

Surrender your will to the will of God,
And extricate yourself from grief and burden !
This dear life is an embodiment of passion ;
Pass it in the company of the Beloved and waste
it not in idleness !

154

My sins and favours of the Beloved are numerous.
This is what is known only to me and my Beloved.
His merciful eye is in love with the beauty of sins,
So be not afraid of the evil deeds of yours !

155

Whenever you happen to meet a rose-faced Saki,
Perform at once the prayer of gratitude.
Be not neglectful of the pleasure of humility and
submission,
Beware ! lest you should suffer from dizziness !

156

The thing that is defective and valueless,
Is the society of the people, avoid it as far as possible.
Too much of mixing up with the people is a source of
trouble ;
I have told you that the less of it, the better.

✓ 157

Take me and Him (inseparably attached) as word and
its meaning ;
Two different entities like eye and sight but one and
the same ;
The one never gets separated from the other.
They go together like flower and its smell.

158

I keep Thy mercy and my sins ever before my mind ;
I never forget the limitless nature of the two ;
What I did and what might your kindness do !
I ponder over it day and night.

159

Be not happy over your achievements in the world.
As for us, we care little about them.
There is no friend except the cup and the cup-bearer ;
Hold fast the goblet of wine in your hand.

160

Like the signet of the seal, you still run after fame ;
 Even on death-bed, you desire worldly successes.
 Collect your necessary provisions from the store of life !
 Harvesting season is come, and you are not ripe yet.

161

You will get nothing from the avaricious people,
 And will never be let in peace by them.
 For hundred years you may be whetted like a stone,
 Yet you will remain ignominious and will never get
 a name.

162

You never came out of the evil of self-love,
 And did not become conscious of your real means of gain.
 If you want both the worlds, turn to one side,
 Except to that single path, attach not yourself to any.

163

I have no business with the mercy of God ;
 Nor do I fear the consequences of my evil deeds.
 He knows all—my sins and His forgiveness,
 Why should I bother about any of them ?

164

O heart, in this short life, out of greed and avarice,
 Do not burn me and yourself in a terrible fire.
 Youth is passed and old age is come,
 Try not to rekindle the dead fire and set it to the skirt.

165

Be not happy over your life in this mortal tavern,
 Whether a king or a beggar, you are not to remain for
 ever.
 It's proper you should not be careless in this short life
 About the loving friend even for a moment.

172

Be not attached to wearing cloaks, take this practice
as evil,
And regard this useless asceticism as wrong.
Hold fast the thread of love of the Beloved,
And take this rosary and sacred thread as false.

173

The world cannot go along with you up to the last ;
Try on the path of God, who is a kind companion.
If you wish to reach the abode of the Beloved,
I tell you, O friend, that is the path leading to it.

174

If you wish that you should not stumble against a stone,
Give up vanity and do not move in its path.
Don't submit yourself to the wishes of the heart,
And be ever at war with the treacherous 'self'.

175

Your quest for means is a stumbling block upon the path,
In the desert of thought lie leopards in ambush.
Regard Fate as powerful and your efforts feeble
And put not this weak power to fight against Fate.

176

Distraction of my heart suggests my perfect wisdom.
Hardships of love are far above our imagination.
An ocean cannot be accommodated in a cup,
Though people talk about it yet it is impossible.

177

I wish my faded heart could be fresh as rose
And my soul could sing like a nightingale !
(I wish) I could boast of spring in the days of autumn,
And could enjoy wine in the company of the pretty
Beloved.

178

Cut off from the heart the thread of long hopes
 So that you may get relief from troubles of both
the worlds.
 This orchard of life is not as lasting as there is
 The smell of the bud of heart in the garden of imagination.

179

This worldly wealth is all grief and trouble,
 Just think over it and see it's unreal like imagination.
 The thing that begins with grief and worries
 Is wealth and its burden ends in trouble.

180

He who is gifted with a little sound wisdom,
 Never enters the circle of impossible thinking.
 In a corner of the tavern he witnesses ;
 There's a candle surrounded by hundreds of reflections.

181

It is a good wish that in the season of flowers
 As He meets me I should enjoy the season of spring.
 Whenever He meets you, take it for spring,
 Whether it is autumn or the season of spring.

182

To break the vow in autumn is difficult ;
 To take a pledge with the Saki and wine is difficult too.
 Just think, if in autumn the spring (Beloved) drops in
 How difficult to rid of this breaking and taking of vows ?

183

As I became indifferent towards the consequences of
my deeds,
 The life passed in grief, trouble and pain.
 I ever ask myself the same old thing :
 What could I get from this precious life ?

184

Alas ! due to (unreal) fears and (false) hopes and desires,
The wealth of life has been wasted away heedlessly.
I became quite indifferent towards the consequences
of my deeds,
For whatever I cared about turned out impossible.

185

I am always at war with my unkind self !
In the sea of self I play the crocodile.
The greed and avarice are nothing but a fox for me,
As I am a leopard in the desert of fear.

186

I understand the significance of His kindness and mercy ;
I have thought well over the pros and cons of it.
His merciful eye is the lover of the beauty of sins,
The veracity of this truth is above all question.

187

How long should I fear the consequences of my deeds,
Should regret at them and think over my state of affairs.
I rely on his benevolence—why to fear
The past, the future and the present ?

188

I am bound to the circle of His love,
Thank God I am happy over remembering Him.
I got relief from the ephemeral greed and passion,
And threw away the heavy burden from my heart.

189

O Sarinad, as I opened upon myself the magic door
of secrets,
It was as if I opened a window of dawn in the evening,
Although I drove away all of my sleepiness,
Yet, as I became wide awake, I found all was a dream.

190

O God, grant me the treasure of contentment,
 It is long since I suffered from passion and greed.
 (Indeed) religion (faith) cannot be bargained with
 the world
 And every moment I think about its loss and gain.

191

I'm an embodiment of avarice and passion
 Though I am short-lived like the bubble and blade
 of grass.
 This unkind self which is so tumultuous,
 Is just a breath in the sea of existence.

192

That Beloved of mine pays no heed—what to do ?
 The sighs of my heart produce no effect—what to do ?
 Though He is ever present in my heart
 Yet He knows nothing of my grief—what to do ?

193

The things which are of no avail—are we !
 The plants which bear no fruits—are we !
 We have weighed ourselves well in the scales,
 The atoms which are of no account—are we !

194

I'm king in myself and under no other king's obligations ;
 And for a couple of breads I never look to mean fellows ;
 My 'self' is a dog and I am a dogherd ;
 And for a dog I am not obliged to other dogherds.

195

True, if you call me a lover of garden and desert ;
 True, if you call me 'a devotee of the cup' ;
 If you say I seek this world and that world at times,
 you are right.
 It's true, I am looking for both of them.

196

I'm infatuated by the beauty of quite another friend
I'm enchanted by the make-ups of another friend.
The world is engrossed in love for other things,
But I'm languishing in a totally different affair.

197

A stream of tears flow out of my heart ;
I feel attached to the uninhabited lands.
Thank God, from the society of the friends
I have been left alone ; I am a companion of unqa (a
fabulous bird).

198

This rising up of the bubbles dates back to eternity,
And this sign of mirage has come down from eternity.
This old inn of the world needs renovation ;
This house has been in ruins since eternity.

199

Every moment I happen to commit hundreds of sins
And suffer day and night due to the wishes of the heart.
I wish to get out of this net,
But Fate does not permit—what to do ?

200

I am madly in love with those curly locks ;
I did not wish it, it is Fate's doing.
They ensnared me into the net of those locks,
And owing to my indiscretion I got fetters on my legs.

201

Upon the earth I felt no peace for a moment,
The life passed only in pain and grief.
This worldly wealth is bad in either case :
Its excess gives trouble and its dearth grief.

202

I feel shame at my own doings ;
 For long I have regretted at it.
 I happened to commit what I ought not to have.
 O God, look to Thy mercy and not to my deeds !

203

Alas ! I'm disgraced by the wishes of the heart,
 As I followed the path of the proud 'self' !
 Alas ! at the advent of old age I gave myself up to the
world !
 Wherefore did I put this heavy burden upon my self ?

204

I have sown the seeds of avarice and always feel
distressed ;
 And collect variegated flowers of disgrace from it.
 This fire of desire which I have kindled in my self,
 If not extinguished, will grow into a storm.

205

I sin like youth though apparently I'm old.
 It's long since I have been a slave to them.
 I expect forgiveness of all from His single act of kindness,
 However large be the number of my sins.

206

With God's mercy I ever feel comforted ;
 I'm contented with a barley bread and possess
magnanimity.
 I care for neither the world nor the Faith
 And live freely in the corner of a tavern.

207

'The beauty of flower, I collected from the garden of
, creation,
 And understood the significance of sins and forgiveness.
 At the mode of His manifestation I'm much confused.
 For what I saw was like the reflection of a mirror.

208

I witnessed the trials and tribulation of the world
At several places and not at one place only.
The source of light is in the hands of another ;
I saw the attachment between the moth and the candle.

209

Thank God, the Beloved has been kind to me,
I have found the favours of his mercy and benevolence.
The plant that is set bears fruit at last ;
I have plucked a flower from the garden of love.

210

We enjoy the best of luck in this land (of love),
The Saki is with us and sweet wine in the cup.
O ascetic, why do you call the wine-jar detestable ?
To me it is lawful ; I never take it as forbidden.

211

I found His mercy and kindness greater than my sins ;
I became the actual balance, both the sides were weighed.
It's only the remorse that my evil deeds have brought
forth
And I understood well what sins and forgiveness mean !

212

Alas ! I worshipped only the things created (in lieu of
creator),
And due to mean efforts fell towards lowliness !
The wine gave giddiness so I became alert.
It was youth and I behaved unmannerly.

213

Very weak and powerless is my heart ;
It feels disgusted at unkind treatment of the people.
Sometimes it pines for (the pleasures of) the world and
sometimes inclines towards Faith,
Thus, it is divided and fallen between two contrary
courses.

214

The thing which I love most in this world
Is the safety of the soul from the worldly attachments.
Against the people of the world and the world itself,
I want nothing but safety and security day and night.

215

Every day and every night I regret at my mis-deeds,
Feel distressed and ashamed at my state of affairs.
What consequences will these deeds lead to ?
I always fear the consequences of my deeds !

216

My heart suffered much pain in this world ;
It has been in grief every morning and evening.
Suddenly the thought of the Beloved crossed my mind
And the heart cast off the burden and became lighter.

217

I swear by Thy love, O One, close to my heart and soul,
I feel shame at my deeds and Thy great kindness.
Every moment I calculate within my self,
That I sin and Thou showest kindness.

218

Thou art one who allots happiness and sorrow ;
It's Thee who can relieve me of my grief.
Though I have seen all and tried them well,
Yet it's Thee only who is ever benevolent and kind.

219

I drank rosy cups and promenaded the orchards ;
And I filled the mantle with flowers of the garden of
success ;
It's proper to go about the garden on new years day of
spring,
But alas ! now in autumn I feel inclined towards
blossoms.

220

Of the food of the heart, I have yet a portion left,
 Of the provisions of life, I have still a forbearing self.
 A dervish said yesterday : "In the kingdom of content-
 ment,
 Let there be no throne, we are happy with our dark lot".

221

Ever on this land with eyes full of tears,
 I feel drowned in the sea of shame and regret.
 I wish not to be negligent of Thee even for a moment ;
 Alas for my moments of negligence !

222

With the eye of heart I saw the beauty of both the worlds ;
 By becoming myself a balance I weighed well its good
 and bad.
 The head that is heavy (wise) is a burden for the heart,
 But that which is distracted is lighter.

223

If you are let to live for a short while,
 And if the goblet of heaven grants you Jamshid's cup,
 Accept it not, for this will lead to grief,
 This light intoxicating poison gives much headache.

224

Even though I myself excessively indulged in sins,
 I received the gifts of His favours with great liberality.
 Thus by His kindness and favour He put me to shame
 for my sins,
 I have ever pondered over it and weighed.

225

How long shall I sin ? O God every moment
 I feel ashamed at Thy mercy in the face of my deeds.
 What should one do when one is not pious ?
 How shameless I have been in doing such evil deeds !

226

In my imagination I saw the whole world,
And attained peace for my own self.
Not to be moved by anything, good or bad,
I have learnt this trait from looking-glass.

227

Be not swayed by the sufferings of the world,
I have told you !
Be not happy (over walks) in hills and deserts,
I have told you !
Just see, this world is unreal like a mirage,
I mean, the ebullition of the bubbles and the waves of
the ocean.

228

It's better not to bear the burden of obligation to the
people,
If you are really wise and strong-willed—I have told you.
It's just a vain hope to draw
Anything on the spider's web—I have told you.

229

My heart is much devoted to the love's grief ;
It has taken a heavy burden upon itself.
O ascetic, give me not much of your counsels,
As my heart has a different business to look after.

230

With the thoughts and ideas of others I have no concern ;
Though in style of ghazals I am a follower of Hafiz.
As for quatrains, I am a disciple of Khayyam,
But I have tasted little the wine he offered.

231

Whatever have I said is (unreal) like the writings upon
the water ; I have told you—
And also like the rising up of the bubbles— I have
told you.

After this it's difficult for me to write verses,
What I had to write has been written in my youth.

232

By God, I never practise hypocritical asceticism ;
Nor do I beg from any one except the door of Truth.
I am a king and rule the kingdom of Truth
And never do I quit the tavern.

233

By way of kindness He showed His face to me—
The one who is king of Arab and Ajam.
This dream has brought graces upon me and enhanced
my worth,
Now the world in my eyes is not worth a barley corn.

234

He is One who is always sympathetic toward me.
He looks to His own mercy and not to my deeds ;
It's probable my repentance may do me some help ;
I regret therefore at the deeds I have done.

235

Live happily ever upon this earth !
Look, Kaikhusrao and Jamshid did not stay here for long !
I told you this that you may be aware of the fact ;
'The state of this world is ever changing'.

236

Affected thus with the excess of love take to solitude ;
Come out of worries and walk in the path of comfort.
Be not agitated like whirlwind,
But sit at one place with a contented heartd !

237

For God's sake come and make my heart happy,
And fulfil every promise you have made,
Justice is a valuable thing ; forget it not ;
And liberate me by yourself from all the snares.

238

No good time has been seen upon the earth ;
How unfortunate if the same continues under the earth !
From passions that crowd the head it may be presumed,
No better time can be met with there.

239

The state of things in the world is ever changing.
You will find here sometime spring and sometime autumn ;
Be not grieved at the ebbs and flows of fortune ;
You should always assign the grief to self and try for its
cure.

240

If you wish to be happy for a day and escape worries,
Avoid mixing up with the people and sit alone.
The peace of both the worlds lies in solitude !
Just listen to this word of mine and be in peace !

241

Thy love has taken abode in my heart,
It has taken possession of me from head to foot.
I ever talk about it with my own self but alas !
It cannot be expressed—there lies the difficulty.

242

Thou hast opened the door of mercy and benevolence
to me.
My heart has blossomed in hundred forms like a garden.
Thy mercy cannot be expressed even by a thousand
tongues,
Although, every inch of me becomes tongue of gratitude.

249

Talk not about Ka'aba and the temple with every one,
 And in the valley of doubt walk not like deviated ones.
 Learn the form of worship from satan himself !
 Take only one as the object of worship ; bend not before
 any other.

250

In spring take up residence in the lane of magis !
 Throw yourself at the door of madness, and be
 careless of all !
 This woolen cloak which is all burden and worry
 Cast it off the shoulder and get relieved.

251

Close not the door of kindness and generosity upon me
 Drive not away the one whom Thon hast favoured.
 With this infirmity I cannot bear the burden,
 In old age let me not sin much.

252

O one who thinks about getting into the service of kings,
 (Should know that) none has lived for ever upon the earth.
 I have seen the foreheads of kings knitted with wrinkles ;
 This world is not worth even one of these wrinkles.

253

If you wish to win fame and name in the world,
 Like a signet sit content in one place.
 Be at one place like the foot-print,
 For the sands of the path are not without stones.

254

I could not meet even once whom my heart desires,
 Nor did I see any one who could sympathise with me
 The flower that smells fidelity is very rare,
 See springs and autumns of the world !

255

Out of Thy mercy, O God, make my distressed heart
cheerful,
Make the desert land of soul and body fertile.
I wish to have the bride of pleasure in my arms ;
Relieve me from the net of pain and worry !

256

O tulip-faced, cyprus-statured, silver-bodied one !
It's spring, walk about the garden.
It's pity that you lie at home like a bud,
When the primrose, lillies and rose are about to fade.

257

Since Thy love and thought have taken abode in my
heart
It has blossomed forth in all hue and become a garden.
My thoughts are different and so is the form of my
thinking :
Here the word follows the master of the sense. (γ)

258

For what purpose to aspire for high positions ?
It's simply to waste away one's own life.
What is the need for the sake of name
To suffer agony like the signet and blacken the face ?

259

What will you do with these long hopes ?
Wherefore to suffer pangs for protracted desires ?
The thread of life is fast being twisted—
With this feeble will what can one do ?

260

O Companion, do good in this tavern (world) ;
For you are only for a moment here, tease no one !
Try hard to please the holy person,
Be friendly to a distressed heart whenever you find it.

261

Keep your heart happy with the memory of the Beloved
And relieve yourself of worries, pains and sorrows.
The friends who were close to you day and night,
Remember them ever in weal and woe.

262

The ocean of His mercy is boundless ;
Tongue falls short of gratitude and heart is bewildered.
Sins however great His kindness is greater—
We actually swim through the sea of sin.

263

It makes me ascetic sometimes and sometimes old magi ;
I never saw the state of world constant.
It's green like a tree sometimes, and sometimes naked,
bereft of leaves,
It blooms out of season and brings spring even in
autumn !

264

Without Thy kindness my difficulties will not be resolved
And it's (due to this) that my heart suffers ever.
O God make the crop of my hope fruitful,
So that the treasure of relief may come to my lot!

265

Take to loving Him and enjoy successes,
There is no wealth of comfort besides this !
Without His love nothing could be achieved
Whether you seek the world or the Faith.

266

If you wish to escape pangs and running after reliefs,
Avoid the society of men of the world.
Regard them all as scorpions and snakes,
Seek safety from the friendship of these associates !

267

Beware of (the enmity of) the envious friends,
Protect your glass as you see a stone !
Be not happy over the friendship of these people !
It's better to fear the company of them.

268

How long under the sky and upon the earth,
Will you run about anxiously for gold and silver ?
Sit like the signet in a corner alone,
For all this is only a mirage and writing upon the water.

269

Turn to renunciation for a moment
And make yourself lighter by throwing off this burden
of the world.
Just open your eye and close it again ;
O unconscious one be aware of your self !

270

Your heart never turns away from the sufferings of the
world ;
Your indolent heart never became wide awake ;
You never sowed the seed of repentance—at last,
What will be thy gain from this hateful crop ?

271

Every hair of my body is drenched deep in sin,
From me proceeds all evil and from Thee, O God,
all good !
How long shall I sin and Thou wilt be kind ?
So disturbed I am at my sins and at Thy kindness.

272

Give up vanity and be safe from the troubles of the
world !
How long will you be a thorn ? Be flowers at times !
Be a foe to your unkind self !
I advise, O friend, be a foe to your self.

273

To know Him with the common reason is impossible ;
 To see Him with the eyes or heart, is difficult.
 This insane heart and the eye are much perplexed
 In seeing, perceiving and finding Him.

274

Be not proud of your wealth and property !
 And do not take pleasure in drinking this wine !
 There is not much time between coming and going of
 wealth :
 Be not happy at one state and sorry at the other.

275

What is the cause of my distress—tell me ?
 How long shall I have to suffer this—tell me ?
 However sinful I may be Thou canst forgive me !
 Who else is there to take pity on me—tell me ?

276

This glassy firmament which showers stones
 Though seemingly peaceful is vicious at heart.
 It cannot be protected against but with the shield of
 goblet of wine
 However the stone of disgrace flies from it !

277

Be not distressed by your vain whims and fancies ;
 And be not evil-minded either at good or at bad dealings
 of the people !
 Do not keep company but with the Saki and the cup
 And make friends but with two or three persons only.

278

If you wish to be a friend of your self be an enemy of it ;
 And be at safety from the devil of desire-for-the-world
 This troublesome, heart-rending 'self' of yours,
 Is a thorn, take it away from the garden of heart.

279

Every moment I feel shame, O God, at my sins,
The heart is all remorse and lips all sighs.
O wind of rescue this is time for help !
In the sea of sin my boat is wrecked.

280

Nothing except pain and grief is attained from this life.
Get relief by dissociating from all these (attachments).
Give yourself up to God and fear nothing
Of whims, fancies and thoughts—from any of these.

281

I never cared of my good and bad deeds ;
With the hope of Thy mercy I sinned and blackened my
record ;
From Thee comes the weakness and power of all
As "All power and strength lie with God".

282

Except at Thy door we have no refuge,
Helpless, poor and ruined as we are !
Neither have we power for piety nor for sinning
As "All power and strength lie with God".

283

A clever one with a glance took away my heart from me,
These black sweet eyes turned my bright day into dark
(nights).
Youth and old age both at last joined together,
"All power and strength lie with God".

284

The life that has been ruined by the tyrannies of heaven
Is due to the fact that I sought help from kings and
beggars.
I saw all of them and tried them (one by one)
(And I found.), "All power and strength lie with God".

285

Alas ! we did not depend on the Fate,
And by devising our own means we ruined ourselves.
Be not deluded by your of power and capacity,
As "All power and strength lie with God".

286

I ruined myself by my own evil deeds,
Now there's no refuge except in Thy mercy.
Though I'm weak and Satan is strong,
Yet it's nothing, for "All power and strength lie
with God".

287

Whether I am a holy person or captive of sins
In any case I seek refuge with Thee,
Good and bad of every one is in Thy powerful hand,
As "All power and strength lie with God"

288

O ascetic, what profit could you get from this hypocrisy ?
Why do you wear one hundred cloaks of wool ?
Of this thread of rosary which is finer than hair,
You have made a rope for yourself (to hang with).

289

In vain you have sown these seeds of greed,
Have you thought of what they will yield ?
Love for the world is an useless effort,
For it incurs loss that you regard as profitable.

290

So long you are entangled in the net of greed and lust,
You are captive of yourself, day and night in a cage.
In the garden of life be free like a cyprus,
Whether you are a sunbul or nasrin (flowers) or thorn
or blade of grass.

291

In the world even if you become as high as heaven,
Be humble like the dust as you have to turn into dust.
Anxiety of the world is worth nothing :
Shake off your greed that you may become pure !

292

My sins are manifest from my own forehead,
Keep secretly an eye of favour on me.
All hidden secrets are known to Thee ;
Whether I'm bad or pious Thou knowest it.

293

Whether you have lost yourself in search of wine
of pleasure
Or are tipsy with the wine of freedom in the world,
It's all nothing—Give up all, even the Faith. and hold
fast the skirt of the Beloved,
And let it not slip away from your hand as long
as you live.

294

How long will you long for the (pleasures of the) world ?
And will wander about in jungles, hills and deserts ?
The skirt of contentment is pretty large,
Give it not away from hand as long as you live !

295

Not the heart and soul of myself alone are affected
by Thee ;
Thou art one who lives at various places at the same time.
I find Thee beyond my imagination and thoughts.
That which my reason cannot grasp is Thee.

296

O dear Soul ! why do you act foolishly ?
You should know how long you have to stay.
Why be proud of the unreal life ?
You are not for long—just for a couple of minutes.

297

He ever passes through the eye and the heart,
And every moment manifests Himself in a mode.
Where's that distressed one who enjoys the sight of Him,
Loses sense and does not regain it ever after ?

298

O wrecked soul thou art ignorant of God !
O wave of mirage thou art ignorant of God !
O life unreal thou art like the writing upon the water,
O rising of the bubble thou art ignorant of God.

299

Thou hast shown mercy and kindness despite my
numerous sins,
And hast offered hospitality at the table of Thy
generosity
The more I sin the greater becomes Thy benevolence ;
Thus Thou hast put me to shame for my evil deeds.

300

I know you are all gold and silver like narcissus ;
Just open your eyes and look into yourself ;
You ever suffer in the hope of getting position and wealth,
O blooming spring you are unaware of the autumn !

301

Be not careless of the men of the world,
And be not cheerful at the favours of that group !
Fly away from the company of theirs,
So that in the cage (world) you may not get wounds.

302

In old age and infirmity, walk not about gardens !
And collect not flowers of tears in your mantle.
In this garden as you are distracted like the bud,
Try not to bloom forth without the sight of a
tulip-faced one.

303

How long will you suffer in the hills and deserts ?
And how long will you groan under the burden of
passion and greed ?
This life cannot be as long as you will desire—
There's yet time for you to repent.

204

[illegible]

305

**You suffer in the hope of getting wealth and position ;
Pass time with the Beloved and live in peace !
Be not careless, or you will have to regret much ;
If you know all about it you will attain freedom.**

306

O God! a helpless one like me can't do anything.
 Except committing sins and unending indolence I know nothing.
 Having become unfit for work I have become aware of the value it.
 Alas ! I couldn't do anything worthy of credit.

307

**You moved about towns, provinces and deserts at times ;
With all the hopes, you glided on the path of lust.
This caravan (of life) is about to reach its distinction ;
Just think in yourself where you have wandered about.**

308

O heart ! in vain thou fearest the house-of-eternity,
Just imagine what thou art afraid of.
On the path of death there's no trouble but all comfort.
'That house is one of this (world) why thou fearest ?

309

It's better to fear these men-of-the world ;
As in this desert they are wolves and tigers.
The goblet of heart is afraid of stone-hearted ones,—
This glass is to be much cared about (for its delicate
form).

310

Alas ! you fear not the consequences of your deeds !
In the wasteland of lust you are torn of skirt and mantle.
Regard this short life as mere nothing ;
Bear in mind, you are not on the earth but just under it !

311

An ocean is your heart : if you become a swimmer in it,
Surely you will be a diver of seven seas of the world.
In the ocean of your existence there lies everything—
You can be storm or an anchor.

312

O heart ! by God thou art unmindful of God,
Every morning and evening thou runnest after gold and
silver.
(Thou art) less unreal than the wave of mirage and the
bubble,
As thou art passing on every moment like the breeze.

313

Every evening thou art tipsy of negligence ;
Thou hast closed thy door fast upon wisdom.
The goblet of heaven overflows with enmity ;
Beware lest it should do you any harm.

314

If you wish to reach success and not to face bitterness
And to be in comfort and avoid burden of regret,
Learn to live with patience and contentment.
You suffer ever from the hands of greed and passion.

315

Thou art visible though Thou liest concealed.
This hidden secret is known to Thee also.
Thou showest Thyself like a candle from within the
Fanus (shade),
Thou art ever manifest in this garment.

316

O friend (God) in this land Thou art the only
sympathiser,
Thou art conscious of the condition of this poor man.
I have seen all and tried them well,
In helplessness Thou art the only faithful companion.

317

In vain you pine for gold and silver ;
Nothing except regret you'll carry from this world.
Your unreal life is not more than a breath,
Like a bubble you are on the way to destruction.

318

In the ocean of existence you are worse than a thorn and
a blade of grass ;
Like a bubble you are in the cage for a moment.
I tell you to get out of the net of negligence ;
In vain thou art a captive of greed.

319

For the sake of this short life suffer not the pangs of the
world,
And bear not this heavy burden unnecessarily !
If to-day you cut short your desires
You'll be safe from tomorrow's pain, sorrow and remorse.

320

O unwise one, who is indifferent towards God,
Why are you mad about worldly wealth ?
All excess and shortage lie with God's will,
And over His kindness bear grudge to everything else.

321

O dear soul, by God, thou art ignorant of the fact that
Thou art to stay for a moment or two in the body.
Even though thou reachest heaven and attain the position
of the sun,
Thou art yet a particle which is quite insignificant.

322

If you wish to be a king and not a beggar, then
It's better you should not think about asceticism.
Gain purity of the heart by drinking to the dregs,
And not even a step get away from the tavern !

323

Alas ! you are negligent of the life itself ;
You are always tipsy with the wine of vanity.
However high you may rise like a flame you are mere
nothing ;
And due to this revolt you are bound to fall down !

324

Thou art cyprus or primrose sometimes and sometimes
jasmine ;
Sometimes mountain or desert and sometimes garden ;
Sometimes light of the lamp and sometimes scent of
flowers ;
Sometimes Thou art in the garden and sometimes in a
meeting.

325

However unkind and teasing Thou mayest be,
 Yet Thou art more sympathetic and faithful than
 any one else.

In the world of trials as I moved I saw,
 Wherever there is a distressed heart Thou art with it.

326

In religion, O Sarmad, you have created a strange confusion,
 As you have offered your faith to the intoxicating eyes
 (of the Beloved)

With all humility and politeness you approached
 And offered all your gains to the idol-worshipper.

327

Alas ! from head to foot you are an embodiment of lust,
 Just think and see what you really are !
 I asked you to devise means to get out of the snare of
 indolence,
 You are in a cage as long as you are a captive of greed.

328

O heart, thou art distressed due to excessive greed
 and avarice,
 It would have been better if thou were content
 with thy lot ;
 But thou hast made thyself slight and a blot for
 the worlds,
 And due to this heavy burden thou hast become
 shattered and sorrowful.

329

O heart in the world thou hast lost thy path,
 And got wedded to terrible lust and greed ;
 I wish thou couldst get out of this net of difficulties,
 As Thou art an embodiment of pain, sorrow and sighs !

ترك كردم چارهائی جمله از ماوائی خویش نور حق را دیده ام از زیر تا بالائی خویش
گر تو میخواهی چنین هم شو جدا از جائی خود تا به بینی مظهر حق جمله سر تا پائی خویش

عجب سنگین دل و نامهربان افتاد یار من نمد آنم با و آخر چه خواهد گشت کار من
بروز یکسی جز سایه ام کس نیست یار من ولی آنهم ندارد طاقت شب هائی تار من

اعتبار و عدهائی مردم دنیا غلط ها غلط آری غلط امشب غلط فردا غلط
نسخه بینائی دیوان عمر ما مپرس خط غلط معنی غلط انشا غلط املا غلط

خاك نشینی است سلیمانیم نيك بود ز افسر سلطانیم
چهل سال كه مرا پوشید مش كهنه نه شد جامه عریانیم

شاه شاهانیم زاهد چون تو عریان نیستم
ذوق و شوق شورشم لیکن پریشان نیستم
بت پرستم کافرم از اهل ایمان نیستم
سوئی مسجد می روم اما مسلمان نیستم

(از جواهر منظوم)

کتبه بر مزار سرمد واقع دهلی

شاه سرمد در عهد عالمگیر چون سفر ساخته بخادر برین
تاریخ اکبر مسکین لحد مرقد شهید سرمد این

۱۸/ ماه ربیع الثانی - سنه ۱۰۷۰ هجری

سرمد کہ عندلیب است پروائی زر ندارد
 یارش گل است و گل را یکمشت زر ضرورست
 (بیاض مجنون)

۶

ما سرِ خود را چو کوه و زیر پا دانسته ایم شهرِ دهلی را بسانِ کربلا دانسته ایم
 رفت منصور از قضا و رفت سرمد نیز هم دارها را از عطائی کبریا دانسته ایم
 (بیاض مجنون)

عمریست کہ آوازہ منصور کہن شد
 من از سرِ نو جلوه دم دار و رسن را
 مجلہ ایشیاتک سوسائٹی کلکتہ
 جلد ہست (نو) صفحہ ۱۲۰

۸

در کعبہ و بت خانہ سنگ او شد و بت او شد
 یکجا حجرالاسود یکجا بتِ هندو شد
 ایضاً

۹

سرمد کہ ز عشق سرمدی یافت از بادۂ عشق بی خودی یافت
 مشیار نشد ز تیغِ جلاد منزل بمقامِ احمدی یافت

دل اگر دانا بود اندر کنارش یار هست چشم اگر بینا بود در ہر طرف دیدار
 گوش اگر شنوا شود جز ذکر حق کے بشنود و ز زبان گویا بود در ہر سخن اسرار

عاشق و عشق و بت و بتگر و عیار یکیست کعبہ و دیر و مساجد ہمہ جا یار یکیست
 گر در آئی بچمن وحدتِ یک رنگی ہیں کہ در آن عاشق و معشوق و گل و خار یکیست

اشعار متفرقه غزل و قطعات و غیره

۱

سوخت بی وجهم تماشا را به بین گشت بی جرم مسیحا را به بین
 زنده کش جان نباشد دیده ؟ گر ندیدی سیا ما را به بین
 ای که از دیدارِ یوسف غافل داغ یعقوب و زلیخا را به بین
 ای که از روزِ بدم در حیرتی یک زمان این روئی زیبا را به بین
 شاه و درویش و قلندر دیده سرمه سر مست و رسوا را به بین

منقوله از تذکره مرآة الخیال

۲

پائی سرمه در ره سر دادنِ خود قایم است
 یا رود سر در ره این راه یا ره سر شود

(بیاض مجنون)

۳

ما را از خاکِ کویت پیراهنی است بر تن
 آن هم ز آبِ دیده صد جانی چاک خورده است

(بیاض مجنون)

۴

ای که مدارِ عرش را دائره عظیمه کرده بخدمتِ تو صد همچو سپهر نوکری
 نصفِ نهار و ارکنِ شامِ منِ غریب را گر بجنابِ قطب چون نصفِ نهار بر خوری

(دبستان مذاهب)

ای دل تو درین زمانه گمراه شدی پابند هوا و حرص جانگاہ شدی
زیر دایم بلا اگر بجستی آخر سر تا بقدم درد و غم و آه شدی

فارغ ز هوا و حرص یکدم نشدی از فکرِ مآلِ کار از غم نشدی
چون گاؤ خری که هست در فکر وجود کمتر تو ز سگ شدی و آدم نشدی

در خوابی و از خویش نداری خبری غفلت ندهد بجز ندامت ثمری
یاران همه رفتند تو هم در راهی بر هستی موهوم نداری نظری

هر روز بدریائی هوس گردابی از ظلمتِ غفلت همه شب در خوابی
ایام جوانی شد و پیری آمد وقت است اگر فیضِ چمن دریابی

ای باد بمیر زائی بخشی؟ کای کرده فلک بزیر رایت رختی
گفتی که کواکب چو درم می پاشم مرا نیز بمن می بخشی

سرمد بجهان بسی نکو نام شدی از مذهبِ کفر سوئی اسلام شدی
آخر چه خطا دیدی ز الله و رسول برگشته مریدی لجهنم و رام شدی

تمام شد

خواهی که شوی شاه و گدائی نه کنی باید که خیالِ پارسائی نه کنی
از درد کشی صاف دلی حاصل کن يك گام ز میخانه جدائی نه کنی

افسوس که غافل تو ز هستی هستی پیوسته ز صهبائی رعونت مستی
هر چند شوی بلند چون شعله خسی از شامتِ سرکشی در آخر پستی

که سرو و گهی سنبل و گه یاسمنی که کوه و یابانی و گاهی چمنی
که نور چراغی و گهی بوئی گلی که در چمنی و گاه در انجمنی

هر چند که کم لطف و دل آزار تویی بیش از همه غمخوار وفادار تویی
در عالم امتحان چو گشتم - دیدم هر جا که بود خسته دلی یار تویی

سرمه در دین عجب شکستی کردی ایمانِ بقدائی چشمِ مستی کردی
(۱) با عجز و نیاز جمله تقدیر خود را رقی و تارِ بت پرستی کردی

افسوس ز سر تا بقدم بوالهوسی اندیشه بکن به بین چه چیزی چه کسی
آزاد بشوز دامِ غفلت گفتم تا در هوسی اسیر اندر قفسی

ای دل ز هوا و حرص غمگین بشدی با بیش و کم جهان به تسکین بشدی
خود را سبک و تنگِ دو عالم کردی از بارِ گران خسته و سنگین بشدی

(۱) بیاض جنون - هرما که آیات و احادیث گذشت - صرف جهانی روی بت پرستی کردی

هستی به نظر چه شد اگر پنهانی این رازِ نهفته را تو هم می دانی
چون شمع ز فانوس نمائی خود را پیوسته درین لباسِ خود عریانی

ای یار درین دیار غمخوار توئی آگاه بر احوالِ من زار توئی
دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را در یکسی ام یارِ وفادار توئی

یهوده در اندیشه سیمی و زری حاصل ز جهاں بجز ندامت نه بری
یش از نفسی هستی موهوم تو نیست مانندِ حجاب رفته و درگذری

درِ بجز وجود کم تراز خار و خسی مانندِ حباب يك نفس در قفسی
آزاد بشو ز دایم غفلت گفتم یهوده گرفتار بقیدِ هوسی

از بهر دو روز رنج دنیا نکشی این بارِ گراں بدوش بیجانه کشی
امروز اگر دست ز خواهش بکشی درد و غم و انفعالِ فردا نه کشی

ای بی خردی که از خدا بی خبری آشفته و دیوانه سیمی و زری
یش و کم دنیا بکفِ جوید خداست وز بخشش او با همه کس کینه وری

ای جانِ گرامی بخدا نادانی در خانه تن يك دو سه دم مهمانی
بر چرخ اگر روی و خورشید شوی آن ذره که در شمار ناید-آنی

ای دل عبث از دارِ بقا می ترسی اندیشه بکن که از جا می ترسی
در راه فنا نیست تعب آرام است (۱) آن خانه ازین جاست چرا می ترسی

از مردم دنیا بود اندیشه بسی این گریک و پلنگ اند درین یشه بسی
مینائی دل از سنگدلان در خطر است اندیشه بود همیشه زیر شیشه بسی

افسوس که از کرده خود بی باکی در دشتِ هوس جیب و گریبان چاکی
این یکدو نفس هستی خود نیست شمار پندار که بر خاکِ ثی در خاکی

دریاست دلت گر تو شناور بشوی غواصِ محیطِ هفت کشور بشوی
در بحرِ وجودِ تست موجود همه طوفان بکنی و خواه لنگر بشوی

ای دل بخدا که از خدایِ خبری هر شام و سحر در طلبِ سیم و زری
از موجِ سراب و از جابی کمتر مانند نسیم هر نفس در گذری

هر شام تو از شرابِ غفلت مستی (۲) در بر رُخِ فیضِ هوش محکم بستی
مینائی فلک پُر است از باده کین هشدار که آخر نه کند بد مستی

خواهی که رسی بکام و تلخی نه چشی آسوده شوی بارِ ندامت نه کشی
با صبر بساز و با قناعت خو کن از دستِ هوا و حرص در کشمکشی

(۲) جواهر منظوم - هر صبح تو بی خبر از هستی هستی

(۱) آن جا به ازین جاست

از مردم روزگار غافل نشوی وز گرمی این طایفه خوشدل نه شوی
 پرواز بکن همیشه از صحبتِ شان تا در قفس فریب بسمل نه شوی

در پیری و ضعف سیرِ گلشن نه کنی صد رنگ گل اشکِ بدامن نه کنی
 چون غنچه درین باغ پریشان گردی بی لاله رخی میل شگفتن نه کنی

تا چند به کوه و دشت زحمت بکشی از بارِ هوا و حرص محنت بکشی
 این زندگیت بقدرِ خواهش نه بود وقت است هنوز گر ندامت بکشی

بوس ز احوالِ خود آگاه نی بدخواه خودی ولی هوا خواه بی
 بی هوشی غفلتِ خاری دارد هشیار ز صباهی سحرگاه بی

از خواهشِ مال و جاه زحمت ببری بایار بسر بکن که راحت ببری
 غافل نشوی بسی ندامت بکشی آگاه اگر شوی فراغت ببری

یارب ز من زار نیاید کاری جز معصیت و غفلتِ بی حد کاری
 از کار گذشته کار آگاه شدم کاری نه شد از من که یاید کاری

که شهر و دیار که بصرای رفی در راهِ هوس بصد تمنا رفی
 این قافله نزدیکِ سیر منزل شد (۱) اتمام سفر گشت بجایها رفی

(۱) در خود فکر بکن که کجاها رفی (نسخه مطبوعه دهلی)

تا چند در اندیشه دنیا باشی اواره دست و کوه و صحرا باشی
دامان ست بسیار وسیع از دست مده درین جهان تا باشی

تنه‌انه همین جان و دل و ایمانی آنی تو که هر لحظه بچندی آتی
بیرون ز تصور و دیدم آن چیز که در فهم نیاید آتی

ای جان گرامی تو چرا نادانی باید که بدانی چه قدر می‌مانی
بر هستی موهوم عبث مفروری پیوسته نمایی - دوسه دم مهمانی

در دیده و دل همیشه دارد گذری هر لحظه پدیدار شود در اثری
کو خسته دلی که سیر این جلوه کند از خود رود و ز خود نگیرد خبری

ای خانه خراب از خدا بیخبری ای موج سراب از خدا بی خبری
این هستی موهوم تو نقش است بر آب ای جوش حباب از خدا بی خبری

بیش از گنهم بخشش و احسان کردی بر خوان کرم همیشه مهمان کردی
هر چند گنه یش شدا فزود کرم این طور ز کردار پشیمان کردی

گیرم که چو زرگس همه تن سیم و زری تا چشم کشودی و بخود در نگری
از خواهش مال و جاه زحمت به بری ای جوش بهار از خزان بی خبری

گر متقیم و گر اسیرم به گناه آئی که بهر حال در آری به پناه
 نیک و بد هر کس به ید قدرت تست لاحول ولا قوة الا بالله

زاهد تو چه لذت زریا یافته صد خرقه پشمینه بهم تافته
 از رشته تسیح که باریک زموست محکم رستی برائے خود بافته

یهوده بی تخیم دوس کاشته حاصل چه ازین کاشته انگاشته
 سودائے جهان سود نه بخشد آخر نقصان کند آنچه نعم پنداشته

ردیف "یامے"

باد ام هوا و حرص تاهم نفسی پابند خودی شام و سحر در نفسی
 آزاد چو سرو باش در گلشن دهر گر سنبل و سرینی و گر خار و وحشی

در دهر اگر همسر افلاک شوی پستی بگزین که عاقبت خاک شوی
 آزر دگنی جهان نیرزد بجوی دامن بفشان ز حرص تا پاک شوی

پیدا است ز پیشانی من عصیان داری نظیر لطف بمن پنهانی
 اسرار نهان بود به پیش تو عیان گر فاسق و گر متقیم می دانی

کر در طلب باده راحت هستی وز نشئه آزادی دنیا مستی
 دین هم بگذار دامن دوست بگیر در عالم مستی ز دو عالم رستی

جز محنت و رنج نیست حاصل تر همه قارغ شوو آزاد- بکن دل زه
خود را بجد اگذار و اندیشه مکن این فکر و خیال و وهم مشکل زه

از نیک و بد خویش نگشتم آگاه بر فضل تو کردم گنه و نامه سیاه
ز قدرت تست ضعف و قوت همه را لاحول ولا قوۃ الا بالله

غیر از در رحمتش نداریم پناه بیچاره و عاجزیم با حال تباه
نی طاقت زهد است نه یارائی گناه لاحول ولا قوۃ الا بالله

شوخی ز گفتم ربود دل را به نگاه شد روز بن تیره ازین چشم سیاه
پیری و شباب جمع شد آخر کار لاحول ولا قوۃ الا بالله

احوال که از جور فلک گشت تباه این بود که از شاه و گدا خواست پناه
دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را لاحول ولا قوۃ الا بالله

افسوس به تقدیر نه بردیم پناه ز اندیشه و تدبیر شد احوال تباه
مغرور مشو به قوت و قدرت خویش لاحول ولا قوۃ الا بالله

احوال شد از زشتی اعمال تباه جز فضل خدائست دگر جائی پناه
هر چند که من ضعیف و ابلیس قوی است لاحول ولا قوۃ الا بالله

آسان نبود بفهم فهمیدن او مشکل بدل و دیده بود دیدن او
دوانه دل و دیده بسی حیران است دریاقتن و دیدن و سنجیدن او

از مال و منالِ خویش مغرور مشو در نشئه این شراب مسرور مشو
در آمد و رفت این تفاوت نبود دلشاد ازین مباش ورنجور مشو

این یاعثِ دلخستگی ام چیست بگو تا چند به محنت بکنم زیست بگو
هر چند بدم از کرمِ خویش به بخش غیر از تو بمن رحم کند کیست بگو

مینائی فلک که سنگ می بارد زو در پرده صلح جنگ می بارد زو
غیر از سپر قدح گریزت نه بود هر چند که سنگِ تنگ می بارد زو

از وهم و خیال خویش دلریش مشو وز نیک و بد خلق بداندیش مشو
صحبت بکسی مدار جز ساقی و جام گریار شوی بادو سه کس یش مشو

خواهی که بخود دوست شوی دشمن شو از آفت خواهش بجهان ایمن شو
این نفسِ ستمگارِ دل آزارِ ترا خاریست کن از باغ دل و گلشن شو

ردیف "هائے"

هر لحظه ندامت است یارب ز گناه در دل همه خجلت است و بر لب آ
ای بادِ مرادِ وصلِ وقتِ مدد است در بحر گناه کشتیم گشت تبنا

خواهی نکشی رنج و نجوی درمان دوری بگریز ز همنشینان جهان
چون عهرب و مار کن تصور همه را از صحبت همدمان اماں خواه اماں

اندیشه یارانِ حسد پیشه بکن سنگی که به بینی حذر از شیشه بکن
این طایفه دل شاد مشو از مردم روزگار اندیشه بکن

تا چند ته سپهر و بر روی زمین از بهر زر و سیم بگردی غمگین
یکجا بنشین بگوشه همچو نکین این نقش بر آب است سراب است به بین

ردیف "و"

با ترکِ تعلق نفسی یار بشو زین بارِ گران دمی مُسکبار بشو
تا چشم کنی باز بهم باز نهی ای یخبر از خویش خبردار بشو

افسرده نشد ز رنج دنیا دلِ تو آگاه نشد گاه دلِ غافلِ تو
گر تخمِ ندامت نقشاندی آخر زین کشتِ ندامت چه بود حاصلِ تو

شد بر تن من غرقِ گناه هر سرِ مو از من همه زشتی است و نیکی است ز تو
تا چند کنم گناه و او فضل کند شرمیده جرمِ خودم و رحمتِ او

بگذر ز خودی ز فتنه ها ایمن شو تا چند شوی خار گهی گلشن شد
با نفسِ ستمگار خصومت بر کن گفتم تو ای دوست بخود دشمن شد

زین طولِ امل آه چه خواهی کردن زین خواهشِ جانکاه چه خواهی کردن
سر رشتهٔ عمر هر نفس در تاب است زین همتِ کوتاه چه خواهی کردن

ای دوست درین دیر نکو کاری کن بیش از نفسی نیست کم آزاری کن
خشنودیِ اهلِ دل غنیمت بشمار هر جا که بود خسته دلی یاری کن

خود را بخیالِ دوست دلشاد بکن از نَحْتِ اندوه و غم آزاد بکن
یاران که شب و روز رفیق بودند از شادی و اندوه همه یاد بکن

دریائی عنایتش نه دارد پایاب در شکر زبانِ قاصر و دل هم حیران
هر چند گناه ییش از و رحمت ییش کردیم شناوری به بحرِ عصیان

که مقیم کند گهی پیرِ مغان احوالِ جهان گاه نه دیدم یکسان
چون نخل گهی سبز و گهی عریانم بی موسمِ گل بهار و خنکام خزان

بی فضلِ تو آسان نشود مشکلِ من آسودگی از رنج نیابد دِا من
سرسبز بکن کشتِ مرادم یارب تا گنجِ فراغت بشود حاصلِ من

مهرش بگریز بکامرانی بنشین دیگر نه بود دولتِ راحت به ازین
بی دوستیش نیست میسر هرگز گز طالبِ دنیائی و گر طالبِ دین

ای فکر کزین خدمتِ شاهان بگریں - پیوستہ کسی نماند بر روئی زمین
پیشانیِ شاهان ہمہ پُر چیں دیدم دنیا نبود بقدرِ یک چیں جلیں

خواہی کہ بدستِ تو بود نام و نشان مانندِ نگینِ خانہ نشینِ شوہ جہاں
پیوستہ جو نقشِ پایا سا یکجا بی سنگِ فلاخن نشود ریگِ رواں

دلخواہ نشد دو چار بارے بہ جہاں غمخوار نہ دیدیم بکارے بہ جہاں
آن گل کہ دہد بوئی وفا نایاب است کن سیرِ خزانِ و بہارے بہ جہاں

یا رب ز کرم خستہ دلم شاد بکن ویرانہ جان و جسم آباد بکن
خواہم کہ عروسِ عیش گیرم بکنار از دایم غم و محتم آزاد بکن

ای لالہ رخ و سرو قد و سیمین تن ایام بہارست بکن سیرِ چمن
چوں غنچہ مکن حجلہ نشینی - ستم است گل میروند و سنبل و نسرین و سمن

تا مہر و خیالش بدلم کرد وطن صدرنگ شگفت این و شد رشکِ چمن
فکرم دگرو راہ خیالم دگر است بے صاحبِ معنی برد این جابسخن

از بہرِ چہ محبِ جاہ باید کردن عمرِ خود را شاہ باید کردن
مانندِ نگین چہ لازم است از بی نام جان کندن و زُوسیاہ باید کردن

خواهی بجهان نام بر آری چوننگین از خلق گزین کنار و تنها بنشین
دیدیم درین بادیه از دست شدند بس سردی دنیا و بسی گرمی دین

يك سو غم دنیا و دگر سو غم دین این است که دیدیم نه آنست نه این
جان کندن و دل در پی نام است نشان هر نيك گرفتست مرا همچو ننگین

در دل چو نمود مهر جانان مسکن صدر نك شگفت ایر گل و گردید چمن
پیدا و نهانیم درین دور کهن مارا توان شناخت الا به سخن

دل را بخيال او هم آغوش بکن خود را بفلک ز اوج همدوش بکن
این حرف ز متقی فراموش مکن یاد دوجاهان ز دل فراموش بکن

سرمه تو حدیث کعبه و دیر مکن در وادی شك چو گمراهان سیر مکن
این شیوه بندگی ز شیطان آموز يك قبله گزین سجده بر غیر مکن

در کوئی مغال موسم گل منزل کن خود را بدر جنون بزن - غافل کن
این خرقة پشمینه که بارست و وبال از دوش به فراغی حاصل کن

بر من در لطف و جود مسدود مکن مقبول تو هر که گشت مردود مکن
از ضعف نمی توان گرانبار کشید پیرانه سرم گناه افزود مکن

خوش آب و هوا دیده نه بر روی زمین مشکل که اگر زیر زمین است چنین
در سر که هواهاست ازین معلوم است شاید نبود هوائی آنجا به ازین

صد رنگ بود همیشه احوالِ جهان که سیر بهارش کن و گه سیر خزاں
از پست و بلند او دل آزرده مشو همواره بکن درد بخود هم در مان

خواهی که شوی شاد و نگر دی غمگین از خلق کناره گیر و تنها بنشین
آسودگی هر دو جهان است همین يك حرف ز من بشنو و راحت بگزین

تا فکر و خیالش بدلم کرد وطن سر تا بقدم فکر و خیالم همه تن
از خود سخنی همیشه دارم اما اظهار محالست همین است سخن .

باب کرم و لطف کشودی بر من صد رنگ دلم شگفت و شد رشکِ چمن
يك فضل تو از هزار ناید به بیان هر چند زبان شود بشکرت همه تن

این هستی موهوم حبابست به بین این بحرِ پُر آشوب سراب ت به بین
از دیده باطن به نظر جلوه گر است عالم همه آئینه و آب ا به بین

چون پیر شدم گناه گردیده جوان بشگفت گلِ داغ بهنگام خزاں
این لاله رخاں طفل مزاجم کردند که منتقم - گاه سراپا عصیان

از نقش بر آب هرچه گفتم - گفتم و ز جوش حباب هرچه گفتم - گفتم
(۱) این عالم پیری و زبانه خاموش آیام شباب هرچه گفتم - گفتم

هرگز بخدا زهدِ ریائی نه کنم غیر از درِ معرفت گدائی نه کنم
شاهی کنم و ملک فراغت گیرم پیوسته ز میخانه جدائی نه کنم

دیدار بمن نمود از فضل و کرم شاهی که بود خسرو اعراب و عجم
این خواب شب قدر شد و قدر فزود دنیا نبود بقدر خود در نظرم

آنست که پیوسته بود غمخوارم بر فضل نظر کند نه بر کردارم
شاید که ندانم بفریاد رنجد از کرده خویش منفعل بسیارم

ردیف "ن"

دل شاد بزی همیشه بر رونی زمین کیخسرو و جمشید نه ماندند به بین
گفتم بتو این حرف که آگاه شوی احوالِ جهان گاه چنان گاه چنین

از کثرتِ شوقِ دوست عزلت بگزین از رنج بر آ طریقِ راحت بگزین
پیوسته چو گرد باد سرگشته مشو يك جا بدل جمع فراغت بگزین

از بهر خدا یا و دل شاد بکن هر وعده که کرده همه یاد بکن
انصاف عزیز است، فراموش مکن از دایم همه بخویش آزاد بکن

(۱) من بعد زمن شعر و خیالست حال (نسخه مطبوعه دهلی)

هر چند که چندین گنه از خود دیدم احسان و کرم بیش ازین فهمیدم
(۱) شرمنده همین فضل و کرم کردم را میزانِ تامل شدم و سنجیدم

تا چند کنم گناه یارب هر دم از فضلِ تو ز کرده خود منفعل
آیا چه کند نه متق آخر کار بسیاری جرم و یحیائی کردم

در گوشه فکر سیر دنیا کردم از بهر خود آرام میا کردم
هر نیک و بدی که بیند از جانه رود این وضع ز آئینه تماشا کردم

بایند مشوبه رنج دنیا گفتم دلشاد مکن بکوه و صحرا گفتم
عالم همه بایند سراب است به بین ای جوشِ حباب و موج دریا گفتم

باید نکشی ز خلق منت گفتم (۲) گر صاحبِ فطرتی و همت گفتم
این است خیالِ خام هرگز نه کشی بر پرده عجبوت صورت - گفتم

افت به غم یار گرفتست دلم بر دوش گرانبار گرفتست دلم
زاهد به نصیحتم تو بسیار مکوش در پیش دگر کار گرفتست دلم

بافکرو خیالِ کن نباشد کارم در طورِ غزل طریقِ حافظ دارم
اما بر باغی ام مریدِ ختام فی جرعه کشِ باده او بسیارم

(۱) میجرم و کرم (۲) طاعت

ای محرم جان و دل به مهر تو قسم شرمندۀ کردارِ خود و فضل تو ام
پیوسته بخود حساب دارم مردم از من عصیان ز تو هم احسان و کرم

آنی که بدست تو بود شادی و غم کس نیست بغیر از تو برآرد ز غم
دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را پیوسته تویی صاحب احسان و کرم

چیدم گلد جام و سیر گلشن کردم از باغ مراد گل بدامن کردم
نوروزِ بهار فیض را سیر بکن هنگامِ خزان میلِ شکفتن کردم

از قوتِ جگر هنوز لختی دارم ز اسبابِ حیات جانِ سختی دارم
آزادۀ دوش گفت در کشورِ مهر گو تخت مباش تیره بختی دارم

پیوسته درین دیار با دیدهٔ نم در بحرِ خجالت و ندامت غرقم
خواهم که نگردم ز تو غافل یکدم افسوس ازین غفلت مردم - مردم

از دیدهٔ دل حسنِ دو عالم دیدم میزانِ شدم و نیک و بدش سنجیدم
هر سر که گر انبار بود سنگِ دلست هر خسته سری سبک بود فهمیدم

بر رویِ زمین اگر بمانی دو سه دم مینائی فلک گر دهدت ساغرِ جم
ز نهار مکن قبول - دل خوش نبری بسیار خمار دارد این نشه سم

مائیم درین دیار پیوسته بکام ساقی بکنارست . می‌ناب بجام
زاهد چو خیم باده بگوئی تو حرام این باده حلال است نکیرم بحرام

احسان و کرم ز حیرت افزون دیدم میزان شدم و هر دو طرف سنجیدم
پیش آمد کار من ندامت شده است معنی گناه و مغفرت . فهمیدم

افسوس که مخلوق پرستی کردم وز همت پست رو به پستی کردم
این باده خمار داشت هشیار شدم ایام شباب بود مستی کردم

بسیار ضعیف و ناتوانست دلم از جور جهانیان بجانست دلم
گاهی غیم دنیا و که اندیشه دین زیر ره دودلم که در میانست دلم

چیزیکه من از جهان بجان می‌طلبم جان را بسلامت ز جهان می‌طلبم
از مردم دنیا و ز دنیا شب و روز دیگر هوسم نیست امان می‌طلبم

هر شام و سحر در غیم افعال خودم دلخسته و شرمنده احوال خودم
آیا چه بود مآل کاری که بشد پیوسته در اندیشه اعمال خودم

محنت بجهان کشید بسیار دلم هر شام و سحر بود در آزار دلم
ناگاه خیالی یار آمد به کنار زین بار گران گشت سبکبار دلم

افسوس که از خواهشِ دل مردودم (۱) چو ت راهِ غرورِ نفسِ پیمودم
چون پیر شدم قبولِ دنیا کردم این بارِ گراب چرا بخود افزودم

من تخمِ هوس کاشته‌ام غمگینم صدرنگِ گلِ داغ ازو می‌چینم
طوفان بشود اگر نه گردد خاموش این آتشِ خواهش که بخود می‌بنیم

در معصیتِ جوان بظاهر پیرم عمریست که پابند باین زنجیرم
امیدِ نجات است زبکِ فضل هزار هر چند گرفتار بصد تقصیرم

از فضلِ خدا همیشه راحت دارم بانانِ جوم قانع و همت دارم
نییم ز دنیا و نه اندیشه دین در گوشه میخانه فرا دارم

رنگِ گل از گلشنِ صنعت چیدم معنی گناه و مغفرت
در صورتِ اظهار بسی حیرانم آئینه صفت هر چه که دیدم دیدم

در سوز و گدازها تماشا کردم یک جا نه هزار جا تماشا کردم
سر رشته روشنی بدستِ دگ پروانه و شمع را تماشا کردم

صد شکر که از یار ترحم دیدم احسان و کرم بحالِ خود فهمیدم
مخلی که نشانید ثمر می‌بخشد آخر گلی از باغِ محبت چیدم

(۱) جوهر منقوم - در راه غرور نفس خود پیمودم

دیوانه رنگینی یارِ دگرم حیرت زده نقش و نگارِ دگرم
عالم همه در فکر و خیال دگراست من در غم و اندیشه کارِ دگرم

از اشکِ جگر تمام دریا شده ام آشفته و دیوانه صحرای شده ام
از صحبتِ همدمان - بوحدت قسم است تنها شده ام رفیقِ عنقا شده ام

این جوشِ حباب از قدیم است قدیم این نقشِ سراب از قدیم است قدیم
لب تشنه طرح نوست این کهنه رباط این خانه خراب از قدیم است قدیم

هر لحظه گرفتار بصد تقصیرم از خواهشِ دل شام و سحر دلگیرم
هم که ازین دام رهائی به برم تقدیر درین تدبیرم

آشفته آن زلفِ گره گیر شدم تدبیر نه این بود و ز تقدیر شدم
در حلقه آن زلف اسیرم کردند (۱) از شومنی عقل یا به زنجیر شدم

در زیرِ فلکِ عیش نه کردم یکدم شد عمر گزایی ز کف از درد و الم
در دولت دنیا دو طرف نقصانست بسیاری او رنج و کی مایه غم

از کرده خویش متعلل بسیارم عمریست که پیوسته درین آزارم
(۲) چیزی که نباید بشود از من شد بر فضل نظر بسکن نه بر کردارم

(۱) از شومنی بخت (۲) باید نه شود

(۱) سرمرد چو طلسم را که دروا کردم در شام در پیچه سحر وا کردم
هر چند که خواب را ز سروا کردم دیدم همه خواب تا نظر وا کردم

یارب تو عطا کن ز قناعت گنجم عمریست که از حرص و هوا در رنجم
دین را نتوان کرد بدینا سودا (۲) هر لحظه بخود سود و زیان می سنجم

خود را همه تن حرص و هوس یافته ام هر چند کم از جاب و خس یافته ام
این نفس ستمگار که پُراز شور است در بحر وجود يك نفس یافته ام

آن شوخ بمن نظر نه دارد چه کنم؟ آه دل من اثر نه دارد چه کنم؟
با آنکه همیشه در دلم می ماند از حال دلم خبر نه دارد چه کنم؟

چیزی که گهی بکار ناید ما ایم آن نخل کرو بار نه آید ما ایم
کردیم حساب و پیش خود سنجیدیم آن ذره که در شمار ناید ما ایم

سلطانِ خودم منتِ سلطان نه کشم از بهر دوناں منتِ دوناں نه کشم
نفس من سک است و من سگبانم از بهر سگی منتِ سگبان نه کشم

گرواله دشت و باغ گوئی هستم گر شیفته ایاغ گوئی هستم
که طالب دین و گاه دنیا طلبم سرگشته این سراغ گوئی هستم

(۱) کلمات الشعر - ۱ - صفحه ۵۹ (۲) خیابان هراکان - هر لحظه در پی سود و زیان

در فصل خزان توبه شکستن مشکل با ساقی و بی عهد به بستن مشکل
هنگام خزان یار آمد به کنار زین درد شکست و بست رستن مشکل

از عاقبت کار جو گشتم غافل شد عمر باندوه و غم و کاش دل
پیوسته بخود همین حکایت دارم زین عمر گرانمایه چه کردی حاصل

افسوس در اندیشه و در فکر و خیال سرمایه عمر شد بقتل پامال
از فکر مال کاری فکر شدم هر فکر که کردیم خیالست محال

دریف "م"

با نفس ستمگار به جنگم مردم در بحر وجود خود نهنگم مردم
روباه بود حرص و هوا در نظرم در یشه اندیشه پلنگم مردم

من معنی احسان و کرم فهمیدم میزان تامل شدم و سنجیدم
چشم کرشم عاشق حسن گنه است آنجا بخی نیست مکرر دیدم

تا کی بدل اندیشه اعمال کنم غمگین شوم و خیالی احوال کنم
بر فضل کنم تکیه و اندیشه چرا از ماضی و مستقبل و از حال کنم

در دانه خیال او پابندم صد شکر یادش همه دم خرسندم
از دام هوا و هوس دین رستم این بار گران ز دوش دل افکندم

اندیشه تدبیر تو پایست بسنگ دویش اندیشه نهانست پلنگ
تقدیر قوی بدان و تدبیر ضعیف این قوت و ضعف را میندازد بجهنگ

ردیف "ن"

دیوانگی دلم بود عقل کمال آشوب محبت است بیرون زخیال
گنجایش بحر در سبو ممکن نیست هر چند که گویند خیال است محال

خواهم دل پژمرده شود تازه چو گل جان نغمه سرا بود برنگ لاله
ایام خزان جوش بهاری بزم بالاله رُخی نوش کم ساغر مل

این رشته طولی امل از دل بگسل تادر دو جهان کنی فراغت حاصل
این گلشن عمر آن قدر نیست که هست در باغ خیال بوئی از غنچه دل

این مال جهان تمام رنجست و وبال اندیشه بکن به بین که وهم است و خیال
کاریکه ز اول بودش رنج و ملال مالست ز محنتش وبال است مال

آنها که بود بهره از عقل و کمال بیرون رود از دائرة فکر محال
در گوشه میخانه تماشا بکند شمع است یکی هزار فانوس خیال

این سهل نمناست که در موسم گل او برخورد و گشم به سر موسم گل
هرگاه شود دو چار پندار بهار گر فصل خزان است و گر موسم گل

اے دل زہوا و ہوس آزار مکش این بارِ گراں بدوش زہار مکش
عمرت نہ بود بقدر طولِ املت از بہر دو روز رنج بسیار مکش

زاهد بہ نصیحتم تو بسیار مکوش از آتشِ عشقِ اوست این دیگ بجوش
ہشیار شو و بہ میں کہ خم خانہ دل از بادۂ کیست هست در جوش و خروش

ای یار دریں میکدہ بی یار مباحش بی ساقی گلغزار زہار مباحش
این جامِ جہاں نما بہر کس ندهند غافل تو ازین دولتِ یسار مباحش

صبائی خیالی یار پیوستہ بنوش از بہر دو روز دین بدنیامفروش
این آتشِ خواہش کہ تو افروختہ طوفان بشود اگر نہ گردد خاموش

ردیف "ط"

باخرقہ مشو یار غلط گیر غلط این زہدِ زیانکار غلط گیر غلط
سررشتہ مہرِ یار در دست یار این سبجہ و زتار غلط گیر غلط

ردیف "ق"

دنیا نشود آخردم با تو رفیق در راہِ خدا کوش رفیق است شفیق
خواہی کہ بسر منزلِ دلدار رسی گفتم بتوای دوست ہمیں است طریق

ردیف "ک" فارسی

خواہی نہ رسد پائی تو ہرگز بر سنگ بگذر زخودی مکن درین راہ درنگ
پیوستہ جدائی بکن از خواہش دل با نفسِ ستمگازہ خود باش بچنگ

از بوالهوسان کام نیای هرگز زین طایفه آرام تیای هرگز
صدسال اگر جان بکنی همچو نگیب بدنام شوی نام نیای هرگز

فارغ نشدی ز خود پسندی هرگز آگه نشدی ز سودمندی هرگز
خواهی دوجهاں يك طرف راغب شو غیر از طرفی طرف نه بندی هرگز

از فضل خدا کار نه دارم هرگز اندیشه کردار نه دارم هرگز
او داند و عصیان من و مقترش من کار بای کار ندارم هرگز

ای دل ز هوا و هوس از بهر دو روز خود را و مرا ز آتش جانسوز مسوز
هنگام جوانی شد و پیری آمد این آتش افسرده بدامن افروز

دل شاد مشو ز دیر فانی هرگز گر شاهی و گر گدائی فانی هرگز
باید که درین دو روز غافل نشوی يك دم ز خیال یارِ جانی هرگز

ردیف "س"

دنیا بمرادِ خویشتن خواهی و بس عقبی تو نه کردی ز خداوند هوس
چونست نه دنیا و نه عقبی بدهند افسوس ندامت ز جهان یابد و بس

ردیف "ش"

زاهد بخدا نیست ترا بهره ز هوش از زهد و ریا توبه کن و باده بنوش
لبریز حقیقت است آینه و جام هم صورت و معنی ست در جوش و خروش

جریم من و فضل یار افزون ز شمار
چشم کرمش عاشقِ حسنِ گنه است ز نهار ز کردارِ بداندیشه مدار

هر جا که شود ساقی کلفام دو چار
شکراۃ این نماز اوّل بگذار
غافل نشوی ز نشئه عجز و نیاز
هشیار که آخر نکشی رنج خمار

چیزی که درو عیب بود نیست هنر
آمیزشِ خلق است بگیریش کمتر
بسیارنی اختلاطِ مردم رنج است
گفتم تو - هر چند که کمتر - بهتر

چون معنی و لفظ - ما و او را بنگر
چون چشم و نکه جدا و يك جا بنگر
یکدم ز کسی جدا نیابی هرگز
مانند گل و بوست بهر جا بنگر

من جرم خود و لطفِ تو دارم به نظر
پیوسته ازیں هر دو حسابست خبر
از من چه شد و چه می کند احسانت
میزانِ تامل شده ام شام و سحر

ردیف "ز"

دل خوش نشوی ز وصلِ دنیا هرگز
ما مهر نداریم ز آنها هرگز
جز ساقی و جام نیست غمخوار کسی
از دست مده گردنِ مینا هرگز

چون نقشِ نگینِ در پیّی نامی تو هنوز
جان میکنی و در پیّی کای تو هنوز
از خرمینِ عمر خوشه خوشه بگیر
هنگامِ درو رسید و خامی تو هنوز

سر رشته اختیار با یار گذار خود را ز غم و محنتِ یهوده بر آر
 این عمر گرامی که تمامی هوس است با یار بسر بیر بغفلت مسپار

دل را بخیالِ یار خوشنود بدار سر رشته این دولتِ سرمد بکف آر
 گنج است که رنجش نه بود آخر کار سود است که سودش بود افزون ز شمار

یارب بکرم مرا ز گرداب بر آر از بحرِ گناه کشتیم گیر کنار
 جرم من و احسانِ تو بی حد و حساب این طرف حساب است که ناید بشمار

ممکن نه بود که یار آید به کنار خود را ز خیالِ خام و اندیشه بر آر
 هر چیز که غیر اوست در سینه تست بسیار حجابیست میانِ تو و یار

دل از غمِ عشق جان شود آخر کار سر رشته این عمر ابد را بکف آر
 خواهی که نصیبِ تو شود بوس و کنار ز نهار ازو مگیر يك لحظه کنار

یارب چه کنم گذشت جرم ز شمار کشتی دل خسته ز گرداب بر آر
 در بحرِ خجالت و ندامت غرقم فضلِ تو کند چاره بگیرد بکنار

از ماه رُخاں اگر نگیری تو کنار لذت نه بری بیشتر از بوس و کنار
 این سیمبران شیفتهٔ "سیم و زر اند نقدِ دل و جان بدستِ ایشان مسپار

در بحر وجود از حبابی کم تر موجی که درین بحر قد هست خطر
آئینه بکف بگیر و یکدم به نگر عکسی تو درین آب بمانی چه قدر

زوم و خیال و فکر دنیا بگذر چون باد صبا ز باغ و صحرا بگذر
دیوانه برنگ و بونی گل و مل هشیار بشو ازین هواها بگذر

ای دوست مرا بعلم و حکمت بنگر در مهر و وفا و در محبت بنگر
صابِ معنیم و صوتِ تعظیم ؟ در من چو کتاب هر دو صورت بنگر

شرمنده کردار خودم شام و سحر من محرم این کارم و کس نیست دگر
غافل هم ازین لطف باین عصیان جرم خود و هم فضل تو دارم به نظر

ای زاهد خود فروش هرگز مغرور باید نشوی که نا نگریدی رنجور
گویند ترا زاهد و هستی فاسق برعکس نهند نام زنگی کافور

عصیان من احسان تو نابد بشمار بی حد و حساب کی یاید بشمار
گریش خود این حساب صد سال کنم نه فضل تو نه جرم من آید بشمار

از مردم دنیا بخدا گیر کنار تادل بکشد عروسِ راحت به کنار
شته اختلاط از دست بده سرمایه آرام و فراغت به کفِ آر

آن کیست که او زهد و ریا نشناسد در مکرو دغا خدا چو ما نشناسد
گفتی که غور باده چو من زاهد شو این را بکنی گو که ترا نشناسد

سرمه گله اختصار می باید کرد يك کار ازین دو کاری باید کرد
یا تن برضائی دوست می باید داد (۱) یا جان برهش تار می باید کرد

تا نیست نه گردی ره هست نه دهند این مرتبه با همت پست نه دهند
چون شمع قرار سوختن تا نه دهی سر رشته روشنی بدست نه دهند

سرمه ما را بعشق رسوا کردند سرمست و سراسیمه و شیدا کردند
عریائی تن بود غبار ره دوست آن نیز به تیغ از سر ما وا کردند

ردیف "ر"

خود را بکن از مهر زرو سیم کنار تا ماه رخی سیم بر آید به کنار
سر رشته قسمت به کف تو خود نیست آن را که خدا داد با و کینه مدار

هر گاه به بینی ز کسی عیب و هنر عیب و هنر خویش در آور به نظر
این است هنر بهتر ازین نیست دگر خود را بنگر بعیب مردم منگر

سراپاشد و پائی سر مرا در رویار من بی سرو پاشدم تو معذورم دار
هشیار بسر چگونه پوشد پاپوش دیوانه بسر چگونه پیچد دستار

(۱) یا قطع نظر از یاری باید کرد (۲) ریاض محمود

(۱) هرکس که سرِ حقیقتش باور شد او پهن تر از سپهر پهن‌اور شد
ملا گوید که بر فلک شد احمد سرمد گوید فلک با حمد در شد

سرمد که ز جامِ عشق مستش کردند بالا کردد و باز بستش کردند
می خواست خدا پرستی و هشیاری مستش کردد و بت پرستش کردند

بگذر ز خودی که دین قرینت گردد سر دقتِ اعمال همینست گردد
در هر دو جهان سکه بنامت بزنند عالم همه در زیر نگینت گردد

باران سخنی هست اگر گوش کنبد تادست رسد ساغر می نوش کنبد
از پهلوی جام جم بدولت برسد این حرف مبادا که فراموش کنبد

این مردم دنیا ز خدایی خبر اند هر شام و سحر در طلب سیم و زرا اند
از پهلوی همدگر جگر ریش تر اند هر چند که چون باد صبا در گذر اند

یا رب بکسی مرا رسانی نه بود امید وفا و آشنائی نه بود
در دایره تجربه پابند شدم غیر از در رحمت رهایی نه بود

هرکس ز خدا دولت و دین می طلبد یاسیمبری ماهِ جبین می طلبد
بنی چاره دلم نه آن نه این می طلبد خواهانِ وصال است و همین می طلبد

در مسایح عشق جز نکو را نکشند لاغر صفتان زشت خو را نکش
تو عاشق صادق ز کشتن مگریز مردار بود هر آنکه او را نکشند

۱۲۰

آن روز که جا زیر زمین خواهد بود از لطف تو یارب به ازیں خواهد بود
بر روئی زمین هست حلاوت مشکل در زیر زمین اگر چنین خواهد بود

۱۲۱

ای نفس ستمگار چها خواهی کرد از خلق خدا باز جدا خواهی کرد
پیوسته بر جنگ و خصومت داری گاهی بغلط صلح بما خواهی کرد

۱۲۲

در مال جهان مال هرگز نه بود این خواب و خیال مال بود
از وهم و خیال خام خوشدل نشوی یش از الم و وبال هرگز نه بود

۱۲۳

هر کس بخیال او هم آغوش بود دیوانه نماید همه سر هوش بود
کیفیت اس نشاء بکس ظاهر نیست این باده نهان همه در جوش بود

۱۲۴

از منصب عشق سرفرازم کردند وز منت خلق بی نیازم کردند
چون شمع درین بزم گدازم کردند وز سوختگی محرم رازم کردند

۱۲۵

هر چند که عصیان مرا می داند بر خوان کرم هر نفسی می خواند
در خوف و رجا بسی تأمل کردم یش از همه مائل به کرم می ماند

(۱) در تاریخ ذکا الله ص ۸۸ جلد دوم نوشته است که این رباعی از سید موله است که از حکم سلطان جلال الدین سال ۶۹۰ هجری

غیر از تو مرا یار و نگاری نه بود دل را هوسِ باغ و بهاری نه بود
پیوسته خیال و وهم اندیشه بشوی جز مهر و مه روی تو کاری نه بود

چیز باده شوقِ دوستِ عشرت نه بود بی درد کی نشئه وحدت نه بود
میخانه عالم که پُر از دردِ سراسر است خالی ز خمار و رنج و محبت نه بود

ابنائی زمان به یکدگر دل تنگ اند پیوسته بخود چو مختلف آهنگ اند
قانونِ وفا و مهر برداشته اند دایم بمقامِ آشتی در جنگ اند

یاری بگزین که یوفائی نه کند دلخسته ترا در آشنائی نه کند
پیوسته در آغوش و کنارت گیرد هرگز ز تو يك گام جدائی نه کند

این قوم که در دوستی سیم و زر اند غافل ز خدا و دشمنِ یکدگر اند
هر چند نصیب همه پیوسته جداست در بخششِ حق یکدگر کینه ور اند

مشیار بود هر که گل جام کشد خود را ز غم و محنت ایام کشد
ی نوش که صیادِ فلك می گردد آخر همه را ز حبله در دام

آنی که غیمِ تورنیک را می شکند خوئی تو صفِ پلنگ را می شکند
دلِ سختی تو حریرِ جانِ سختی ماست آتجاست که سنگِ سنگ را می شکند

ای بی خردان که از خدای خبر اند از پیر زو و سیم بهم کینه ور اند
بر دوستی اهل جهان تکیه مکن از پیر دو روز دشمن يك دگر اند

ای مردم دنیا همه بد خواهم اند یارانِ نکو کار چه بسیار کم اند
خوش وقتی دل به بوالهوس بسیار است آنها که عزیز اند گرفتار غم اند

هر کس پی نانی بجهان دوست بود يك دوست ندیدیم ز جان دوست بود
چون سنگ ز پی لقمه پیر در بدوند این است نشان که نام شان دوست بود

طول اجل عمر باخر نه رسید دیوانه دلم عاقبت کار ندید
شها بخيال خواب غفلت بگذشت اکنون چه کنم که صبح صادق بدمید

گاهی که دلم حساب کردار کند چندین غم و اندوه بخود یار کند
پیش از نقی نه دیدم این کار کند کاری که ندامت دهد انکار کند

دل در پی لیلی صفتی بخون شد در عالم غربتم وطن هامون شد
در پیری و ضعف متنی گشت جوان هنگام خزان جوش بهار افزون شد

آنکس که ترا تاج جهانانی داد مارا همه اسباب پریشانی داد
پوشاند لباس هر کرا عیبی دید بی عیب را لباس عریانی داد

ایام بهار متقی جام کشد هنگام خزان خمار این نام کشد
 نمی نوش که صیاد فلک می گردد هر روز درین فکر که در دام کشد

افسوس که کنش بخالم نه رسید اندیشه درین بادیه بسیار دوید
 بر روتی خیال خام حیران شده ام بر پرده عنکبوت صورت که کشید

هر دل که بدام غم او شاد بود از هر دو جهان فارغ و آزاد بود
 دیدم همه جا صورتی معنی است یکی این آئینه هرجاست خدا داد بود

این مردم دنیا که گرفتار غم اند دیوانه بسی دیدم و هشیار کم اند
 (۱) از بهر دو روز عمر از شامت نفس در حرص و هوا اسیر و بدخوا هم اند

دنیا بکسی روتی فراغت نه نمود سوداست چنین خیال ییوده چه سود
 امروز چنین هست سوتی دامن تو تا بود چنین بود چنین خواهد بود

هر چند که صد دوست بمن دشمن شد از دوستی یکی دلم ایمن شد
 وحدت بگزیدم و ز کثرت رستم آخر من از و شدم و او از من شد

دیدم بسی که سوز و حسرت بردند صد داغ حسد بخود ز عالم خوردند
 (۱) از بهر دو روز عمر از دست هوس دل را بغم و درد بهم افشردند

(۱) جواهر منظوم - از بهر دو روز هوس -

بنگر که عزیزان همه در خاک شدند در صید که فنا بفترک
آخر همه را خاک نشین باید شد گیرم که برفت همه افلاک شدند

آن کس که شراب می خورد می گذرد و آن کس که کباب می خورد می گذرد
سر که بکاسه گدائی نان را تر کرده بآب می خورد می گذرد

ایزد بترازوی قدر باخورشید چون جنسی نکوئی رخت می
این بسکه گران بود نه جنید ز جا و آن بسکه سُبک بود بافلاک رسید

سرمه غیم عشق بوالهوس را ندهند سوز دل پروانه مکس را نه دهند
عمری باید که یار آید به کنار این دولت سرمه همه کس را نه دهند

هر جا که روی مهر و وفا یار تو باد آرام و فراغت همه جا یار تو باد
از نامه و پیغام فراموش مکن یاد آوریم بکن خدا یار تو باد

بے فکر و خیال دوست راحت نه بود اندیشه مال و جاه و دولت نه بود
سر رشته جان و دل بدلبر بسپار باد دولت پایدار دورت نه بود

دنیا مطلب دشمن جان باید شد دل خسته این بارگراں باید شد
اندیشه سنجیدن این در کارست میزان تا مل به جهان باید شد

هر کس که بلفظ و کرمّت دیده کشود قهر و غضب غیر نه داند موجود
مردود تو هیچ جا نه گردد مقبول مقبول تو هیچ گاه نه گردد مردود

خواهی که ز فیض کرم و جود بود در هر دو جهان راحت و بهبود بود
سودائی خیالش همه سرمایه سود مهرش بگزین که عاقبت سود بود

عزت بجهان راحت جا یافته شد بر روئی زمین گنج نهان یافته شد
این گوهر نایاب که هم بے قدر است در بحر پر آشوب جهان یافته شد

يك لحظه اگر دل حزینت بدهند آسودگی روئی زمینت بد
گر مهر خداست نقش بر خاتم دل عالم همه در زیر نگیخت بد

در دهر عدو مثال غفلت نه بود خواری بتر از خواهش رفعت نه بود
هشیار دیم پیری شو کاخر وقت حاصل دگرت بجز ندامت نه بود

غمگین تشوی گر دل ریشت بدهند خشنود مشو که پیش پیشت بدهند
گر شکر باین دولت سرمد بکنی پیشت بدهند از همه بیشیت بدهند

سرمد گلّه یار نکوشد که نه شد لب پیده گفتار نکوشد که نه شد
منت کشی دهر می شوی آخر کار کازی که ز تو کار نکوشد که نه شد

(۱) سرمد کارانه لطف و کرم است از معصیت و سیاه کاری چه غم اء
رخشیدن برق بین و جوش باران رحمت چه فزون غضب چه بسیار کم

راضی دل دیوانه بتقدیر نه شد فارغ ز خیال و فکر تدبیر نشد
ایام شباب رفت و باقیست هوس ماپیر شدیم و آرزو پیر نه شد

یاران چه قدر راه دورنگی دارند مصحف به بغل دین فرنگی دارند
پیوسته بهم چو مهرهائی شطرنج در دل همه فکر خانه جنگی دارند

قصاب پسر که بامنش کینه بود خواهم دل او صاف چو آئینه بود
گر دست بمن دهد بگیرم پایش ور پشت بمن دهد به از سینه بود

هر کس که ثبات دهر سنجیده بود فصل گل و ایام خزاں دیده بود
مائل نه شود برنگ و بوئی گل و مل نا دیده شمارد آنچه خود دیده بود

در هر گنهی فزود بخشایش و جود (۲) شرمنده باین طور ز کردار نمود
خضری ره من گناه شد آخر کار این فضل و کرم چه بود این جرم چه بود

دنیا همگی اگر بکام تو بود وین سکه مهر و مه بنام تو بود
آخر ز جهان پشے بقا باید رفت گر قیصر و فقور غلام تو بود

(۱) لخبان هزلان - صفحه ۳۶۱ (۲) شرمنده باین قسم (جواهر منظوم - صفحه ۳۶)

دل باز گرفتار نگاری شده است از فکر و غم لاله عذاری شده است
من پرودلم ذوق جوانی دارد هنگام خزان جوش بهاری شده است

چیزی که گذشت و رفت یادش ستم است سوداست که سرمایه اورنج و غم است
این عمر گرامی بعبث صرف مکن بیش از نفسی مگیر بسیار کم است

ردیف "جیم فارسی"

این شهر و دیار و کوه و صحرا همه هیچ دیدیم تمام زشت و زیبا همه هیچ
خود را بخدا گذار و بگذر ز همه این خواهش و فکر دین و دنیا همه هیچ

ردیف "خ"

(۱) اے از رخ تو شگفته خاطر گل سرخ باطن همه خون دل و ظاهر گل سر
زاں دیر بر آمدی ز یوسف که باغ اول گل زرد آمد و آخر گل سر

ردیف "ی"

سرمداگرش وفا است خود می آید گر آمدنش رواست خود می آید
یهوده چرا در پی او می گردی بنشین اگر او خداست خود می آید

ایام شباب رفت و شیطان نرسید بر دامن من غبار عصیان نه رسید
پری چو رسید معصیت گشت جوان دردی عجب رسید و درمان نرسید

هر چند که از جرم فزون احسان است دل در غم و اندیشه این حیران است
آما چه بود مآلِ کاری که نشد در خوف و رجاء دیده من گریان است

از کار جهان تمام انکار خوش است این کار کنی اگر تو بسیار خوش است
من خود را بکنار گیر و بگذر ز همه در عالم تدبیر همین کار خوش است

هر کس بخیال اوست حالش خوبست هم اوّل کار و هم مآلش خوبست
بسیار میند دل بدنیا گفتم هر چند که هست اعتدالش خوبست

وارسته دلم همیشه وارسته اوست پیوسته درین باغ برنگ گل و بوست
لبریز محبت است مینائی دلم از کوزه همان برون تراود که دروست

(۱) آن ذات برون ز گنبدِ اَرزق نیست ذاتیست مقید که بجز مطلق نیست
حق باطل نیز هست باطل حق نیست آن ذات بجز مصدر هر مشتق نیست

نابود شدم بود نمی دانم چیست اخگر شده ام دود نمی دانم چیست
دل دادم و جان دادم و ایمان دادم (۲) سود است مگر سود نمی دانم چیست

(۳) شد حشر کنون صورِ سرافیل کجاست طوقِ ادب از بهر عزازیل کجاست
از بهر خرابِ کردنِ بیتِ الله شد فیل نمودار ابابیل کجاست

این جسم بصد قسم فنا بنیاد است این شعله خس در نفسی برباد است
از دام اجل ترا رهائی نه بود صیدی و سروکار تو با صیاد است

از بیر دو روز فکر دنیا غلط است دل بستن معموره و محرا غلط است
مانند نسیم هر نفس در گذری این حرص و هواؤ این نمنا غلط

دنیا طلبان را نه راحت کار است تا آخر دم فکر زر و دینار است
این طائفه را خیال مردن نبود پیوسته غم سیم و زر بسیار است

از مردم دنیا و دنیا وحشت هر چند بگیری نه کف آری راحت
نگام بهار و هم خزانش دیدم در باغ جهان نیست گلے جز عبرت

هر چند گل و خار درین باغ خوش است بے یار دل از باغ نه از راغ خوش است
چون خون دلم لاله به بین در رنگست این چشم و چراغ نیز باداغ خوش است

از حد و حساب کار عصیان بگذشت در توبه افعال یاران بگذشت
از شامت غفلت نرسیدم بوصال عمرم همه در دوری جانان بگذشت

چندان دل نادان بغم سیم و زر است کو وقت نماز هم بفکری دگر است
در وهم و خیال این و آن بیشتر است از فکری مآل کار خود بی خبر است

دل اگر دانا بود اندر کنارش یار هست چشم اگر بینا بود در هر طرف دیدار هست
گوش اگر شنوا شود جز ذکر حق کے بشنود و رزبان گویا بود در هر سخن اسرار هست

تنها نه همین دیر و حرم خانه اوست این ارض و سما تمام کاشانه اوست
عالم همه دیوانه افسانه اوست عاقل بود آن کسی که دیوانه اوست

صد شکر که دلدار ز من خشنود است هر دم بکرم هر نفسی در جودا
نقصان بمن از مهر و محبت نه رسید سودا که دلم کرد تماش سودا

انسان که شکم سیری او يك نان است از حرص و هوا شام و سحر نالاست
در بحر وجودش بنگر طوفان است آخر چو حباب يك نفس مهمل است

این نفس ستمگار به بین شیطان است پیوسته عیان بود مگو پنهان است
ابلیس خودی چرا به ابلیس بدی در پیش خیالات تو او حیران است

اسرار می و جام بکس روشن نیست این راز بهر مرده دلی گفتن نیست
زاهد بخدا که از خدا بی خبری سر رشته این بدست هر کودن نیست

دورئی نفسی از و مرا ممکن نیست این يك جفتی به گفتگو ممکن نیست
او بحر - دلم سبوست - این حرف غلط گنجایش بحر در سبو ممکن نیست

خواهی نکشی رنج و نیایی زحمت از مردم روزگار بگزین عزلت
هر چند که بر روئی زمین راحت نیست گر هست همین است بدنیا راحت

هر کس که درین زمانه دارد همت باید که نه گیرد ز کسی جز عبرت
ز آمیزشِ خلق کنیج عزلت بگزین و ز نیک و بد جهان طلب کن وحشت

نفعی بکسی اگر رسانی هنر است سوداست درین سود بخود بیشتر است
زین گوهرِ نایاب نه گردی غافل این بحرِ پر آشوب جهان در گذر است

آن شعله که یاقوتِ دلم را رنگ است گوهر به محیط است و شر در سنگ است
(۱) او در همه دزد دست و غافل همه خلق این معنی رنگین چه قدر بی رنگ است

دیدنی که غم و عیش جهان زود گذشت چیز می که در اندیشه تو بود گذشت
این يك دو نفس که ماند سرمایه تو هشیار که نقصان نکنی سود گذشت

دنیا نکنم طلب که کم تر ز خس است بی دولت دیدار تو این هم قفس است
خواهان و صالم و همین است سخن در خانه اگر کس است يك حرف بس است

هر نیک و بدی که هست در دستِ خداست این معنی پیدا و نهان در همه جاست
باور نه کنی اگر درین جا بنگر این ضعف من و قوتِ شیطان ز بکاست

نی سرو قدی که رو نماید یار است فی سیمبری که زر ربا بد یار است
آن یار گزین که هر چه خواهی بدهد یاری که بکار تو بیاید یار است

(۱) او در همه در ز دست و غافل همه خلق

ایامِ شبابِ شعر و انشا هنر است الفت بگل و ساقی و مینا هنر است
پیری چو رسید ترکِ دنیا هنر است هر لحظه خیال و فکرِ عقبی هنر است

هر کس که ز می توبه کند نادان است انسان توان گفت بگو حیوان است
این سلسله جنبانِ غمِ جانان است (۱) هم آتشِ افسرده دل و دامان است

آنرا که هوس ییش بود نا کام است مرغی که پشه دانه رود در دام است
این مال پُر از ملالِ بسیار و بال هر چند کم اویش درو آرام است

هر کس که گرفتارِ هوا و هوس است گر سلطنتش دهی نگوید که بس است
سر رشته زندگی بسی کوتاه است از طولِ امل حذر که دام و قفس است

هر کس بهوسِ باغِ جهان دید و گذشت خار و گِلِ پژمرده بهم چید و گذشت
این صورتِ هستی که تماش می است افسوس بر آن کس که نه فهمید و گذشت

آنرا که هوس ییش بود آزار است از شربتِ دینار دلش بیمار است
از گر سنه چشمی بجهان سیری نیست این طائفه دیدم همه جا بسیار است

هر جا که غم یار بود آرام است بی این بجهان هر که بود نا کام است
غافل نشوی زیار و از باده ناب گر دولتِ جم می طلبی با جام است

(۱) جواهر منظوم - هر آتش

سرمه جسمست و جانش در دست کسی است تیر یست ولی کاش در دست کسی است
می خواست که آدم شده از دام جهد گازی شد و ریشانش در دست کسی است

هر جا که گل ایاغ و جوش چمن است او مسکن دل خوش است مارا وطن است
گر باده پرست گوئی او را حق است و زاهد متقی بگوئی سخن است

دنیا طلبان را که غیم دینار است بی مهری شان یکدگر بسیار است
از عقب و مار هیچ اندیشه مکن زین قوم حذر بکن که نیش و خار است

زاهد تو بخور باده که بسیار نکوست از خره بکن کنار ضد فتنه دروست
بی شبهه حلال است بگوئی تو حرام کیفیت این هر که بیاید همه اوست

اندیشه مال و جاه دنیا غلط است این وهم و خیال و فکر بی جا غلط است
در خانه تن وطن نه باشد هرگز از بهر دور روز این تمنا غلط است

در عالم شوق قیل و قالم دگر است از طور سخن یا که عالم دگر است
سودا زده صورت معنی هستم فکرم دگر و راه خیالم دگر است

دنیا ز هوا و حرص بسیار پُر است هر جاست دلی در غیم دینار پُر است
بیمار بسی شربت دینار کم است این خانه ویرانه ز بیمار پُر است

عمری که شد است صرف در لهو و لعب بی پرسش اگر عفو کند نیست عجب
کے زشتی افعال در آرد به نظر آن را که کرم بود فروں تر ز غضب

کے جرم من و فضل تو آید به حساب این همچو حبابیست که ناید بحساب
سر رشته این در کف اندیشه کیست بی حد و حساب کے بیاید بحساب

از ساقی کوثر مئی گلفام طلب در پیری و ضعف جام آرام طلب
تا چند گرفتار بدنیا باشی از فضل خدا نجات زین دام طلب

(۱) اے بی خیر از هستی خود همچو کتاب در جلد تو آیاتِ الهی به حجاب
یعنی ز تو حق پدید و تو از اثرش آگاه نی چو شیشه از بوئی گلاب

سرمرد و ز خلق هیچ یاری مطلب از شاخ برهنه سایه داری مطلب
عزت ز قناعت است و خواری ز طمع با عزت خویش باش خواری مطلب

ردیف "ت"

ای نفسِ ستم‌گار سراپا حسرت جز شکر ترا نیست هزاران نعمت
قانع نشدی گاه نه گشتی خرسند دنیا نه بود بقدر طولِ املت

این خرقة پشمینه که ز تار دروست مکر است و ریافته بسیار دروست
بر دوش مکش دست بکش تا نکشی این بارِ ندامت که صد آزار دروست

(۱) منقوله از خیابان عرفان انتخاب از اشعار صوفیه - مولوی حسن بلگرامی - حیدرآباد

مرگ است درین بادیه دنبالِ ترا این است مآلِ کار از مالِ ترا
اول محنت و آخرش حسرت است (۱) این مال کند همیشه پامالِ ترا

که مهر و وفا کند گهی ناز و جفا هر لحظه بصد رنگ نماید خود را
آغوشِ نظرکشای که آید به کنار یک گام نه گردد ز تو پیوسته جدا

از معصیتِ یش بود فضلیِ ترا هر لحظه بخود حساب دارم همه جا
هر چند که سر تا بقدم عصیانم از بخششِ تو نیست فزون جرمِ مرا

گر متقیمِ کار یار است مرا با سبزه و زتار چه کار است مرا
این خرقهٔ پشمینه که صد قلته دروست بازش نه کشم بدوش عارست مرا

هر چند غرور دستگاه است این جا بر خود پیچیدن عروج جاه است این جا
در ساز شکستگی حضورِ دگر است از سرمه شدن سنگ نگاه است این جا

(۲) خوش بالائی کرده چنین پست مرا چشمی بدو جام بُرده از دست مرا
او در بغلِ من است و من در طلبش دردِ عجیبی برهنه کردست مرا

ردیف "ب"

آسوده دمی ز خود پسندی مطلب زین همتِ پستِ خود بلندی مطلب
سودائی جهان سود ندارد چندان نقصان به پذیر سود مندی مطلب

(۱) اول همه محنت است و آخر حسرت (۲) جواهر منظوم - مؤذ جا هست (۳) مآثر لا مرا - جلد اول صفحه ۲۲۶

۷

هر نیک و بدی که هست دیدم همه را هر خار و گلی که بود چیدم همه را
آمد به نظر عیار هر کس کم و بیش بر سنگ عک چو زر کشیدم همه را

۸

از باد صبا خواست دلم بوئی ترا چشم ز چمن جُست گلِ روئی ترا
آخر نه ازیں دوچار گشتم نه ازاں اندیشه نشان داد ره کوئی ترا

۹

کردی تو عَلم بدلربائی خود را هم در فین مهر و آشنائی خود را
این دیده که ییَناست تماشاى تست هر لحظه بصد رنگِ نمائی خود را

۱۰

هر جا که نیایی تو نشانی ز جفا با مهر و محبت گل و بوئی ز وفا
از خلق و ز خلق خود ندانی هرگز آن هر دو بدستِ اوست گفتم بخدا

۱۱

یارب ز کرم به بخش تقصیر مرا مقبول بکن ناله شبگیرِ مرا
(۱) ما بُر ز گناه ما جرائست عجیب لطفِ تو کند چاره تدبیرِ مرا

۱۲

از صحبتِ مدامان به باغ و صحرا ذوقِ سخنی بود و هوایِ مینا
آخر سخنی ماند و عزیزان رفتند مینائی فلك فگند او را از پا

۱۳

باز آ باز آ ز فکرِ باطل باز آ از وهم و خیالِ خام ایدل باز آ
خوشنود مشوز فکرِ دنیا هرگز نه وصل بماند و نه واصل باز آ

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

رباعیات سرمد شهید

ردیف "الف"

۱

از جرم فزون یافته ام فضل ترا این شد سببِ معصیتِ بیش مرا
هر چند گنه بیش کرم بیش تراست دیدم همه جا و آزمودم همه را

۲

از کار جهان عقده کشودم همه را در محنت و اندوه ربودم همه را
حق دانی و انصاف نه دیدم ز کسی دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را

۳

در بادیه تجربه یارب همه جا افتاد سروکار به شت و زیبا
غیر از تو کسی نه گشت فریاد رسم دیدم همه را و آزمودم همه را

ای جلوه گرِ نهان عیاں شو بدر آ در فکر بجستیم که هستی تو بجَا
خواهم که در آغوش و کنارت گیرم تا چند تو در پرده نمائی خود را

•

شادی بود از دین و زد دنیا همه را از هر دو نجات ده که شاد است مرا
آشفته خود بکن که آنم هوس است از پرده برون یابی و خود را بنا

۶

مشهور شدی به دلربائی همه جا بی مثل شدی در آشنائی همه جا
من عاشقِ این طورِ توام می بینم خود را نه نمائی و نمائی همه جا

اوراق فارغ آمده ام همواره در انتظار آن خواهم بود که آقای فضل محمود هرچه زودتر آنرا از چاپ بیرون آورد و بدست جویندگان این گوهرهای ادب بسپارد. خدمات گران بهای که دانشمندان هند از قرنهای پیش تا هم اکنون بآداب فارسی کرده اند بیش از آنست که در یکی دو صحیفه گرد آید و کتابی پهنار می خواهد و شور و عشق آقای فضل محمود هم خود از سطر سطر و کلمه کلمه این کتاب پیدا است و حاجت بگفتن و یاد آوردن من نیست. من جز اینکه از سوی ادب دوستان ایران و ایرانیان که شیفته دیار خویشند ازین خدمت گران بها که آقای فضل محمود بادیات ایران کرده است شکر گزارم و پایداری وجود بهره بخش او را از یزدا بخواهم کاری از پیش توانم برد و امیدوارم که این سرچشمه فیض از سود بخشی فرو نماند و مولف دانشمند آن کتاب باز آثار گران بهای در ادب ایران فراهم سازد —

سعید نفیسی

استاد تاریخ ادبیات ایران و تاریخ تصوف و تاریخ تمدن

ساسانیان در دانشگاه طهران

شانتی نکیتن

۱۴ آذر ماه ۱۳۲۸

دیباچه از آقای دکتور سعید نفیسی دانشگاه طهران

از هشتم آذر ماه ۱۳۲۸ شمسی تا امروز که برای شرکت در کنفرانس جهانی صلح جویان در شاتی نکیتن هستم روزهای فراموش ناشدنی زندگی من خواهد بود. در هر قدم که درین آفتاب مهیای نواز و یزد بخش زمستان امسال برمی دارم دی و اثری از رابندرانات تاگور شاعر بزرگ هندوستان که بنیاد گذارانِ آموزشگاه ویشوا بهارا تیست می بنیم - همه جایادگار عظمت او آشکارست و این مرد از ان مردان جاودان دیار خود خواهد بود - شاتی نکیتن و ویشوا بهاراتی قطعاً همواره در جهان دانش و در میان دانشمندان هند پایدار خواهد ماند - از فواید این سفر آشنایی خاص با آقای فضل محمود مولف دانشمند این کتابست که درین آموزشگاه تدریس زبان و ادب اردو بعده اوست - هر کسی که خوبادیات فارسی گرفته باشد درین سرزمین شاداب بنگاله و فرسنگها دور از ایران آشنای با کسی که بدین مایه شور و خبر از ادب ایران داشته باشد نه تنها مایه شگفتی خاص بلکه سبب سرور و شادی مخصوصست - دوسه روزی که درین سرزمین دانش و هنر با آقای فضل محمود محشور بودم از استیلای او در زبانها و آداب مختلف و از ان جمله زبان و ادب فارسی شگفت زده شدم - وقتی که بمن مژده داد که اشعار سرمد کاشانی شاعر معروف قرن یازدهم را گرد آورده و در سه دفتر برای چاپ آماده کرده است با شوق و شغفی بخواندن آن راغب شدم و بوی با کمال کشاده روئی مرا ازین غنیمت باز نداشت و سه دفتری را که بدین مقصود گرد آورده بود بمن سپرد و یک روز و یک شب آن همنشین من بود - از آن گاه که از نگرستن برین

اے بے خبر از ہستی خود ہمچو کتاب
در جلد تو آیاتِ الہی بہ حجاب
یعنی ز تو حق پدید و تو از اثرش
آگاہ نی چو شیشہ از بوئے گلاب

سرمد

رباعیات سرمد

